THE CRISIS OF [redacted] STRATEGY

NEW MASSES

October 13, 1942 15c 20c in Canada

HITLER'S HEADACHE: OUR OPPORTUNITY
JOSEPH STAROBIN

THE PARALYSIS OF CAUTION
R. PALME DUTT

STALIN'S LETTER
AN EDITORIAL

WAR KNOWS NO SEASON
COLONEL T.

BATTLE FOR LATIN AMERICA
EARL BROWDER

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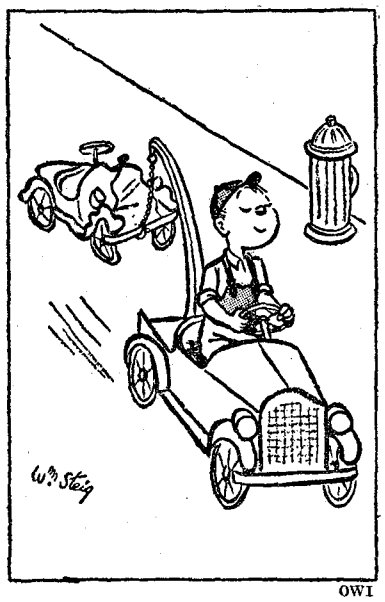
BETWEEN OURSELVES

LAST week we told you we would try to be more specific this time about the publication date of our special issue on Negroes and the War. We can be as specific as you want: the issue will positively appear next week. Without trying to list *all* the contents, we want to tell you about a few things to expect. One is an unusual historical document—the letters of Col. John W. Ames, Union officer, on the fighting qualities of the Negro troops he commanded in the Civil War. Joseph North is now down South and the first piece in his projected series on that region will also appear next week. There will be an article by Earl Browder on the Democratic Party and the Negro; a profile of Assemblyman A. Clayton Powell by Richard O. Boyer; a profile of a Harlem family by Ralph Ellison; and an extract from a forthcoming book, *No Day of Triumph,* by John Saunders Redding. Doxey A. Wilkerson, associate professor of education at Howard University, has sent in a discussion of discrimination in war industry. Langston Hughes and D. Hercules Armstrong have each contributed a poem. All in all, we are confronted with a real embarrassment of riches, both in subject matter and contributors. It's an embarrassment that pleases rather than discomfits us, however—and if some of the material we've planned (in addition to that listed above) "spills over" a little, it will spill into later issues. For further details take a look at our back cover.

Speaking of special issues on Negroes and the War, we wonder whether you've seen the Chicago *Defender* of September 26. It is a "Victory Edition," given over to the role and aspirations of the Negro people in this world struggle for freedom, and it is an impressive and inspiring job. Many prominent persons, beginning with President Roosevelt, have contributed to the issue, which carries the subtitle "Victory through Unity."



OWI

Kid Salvage

What can one say about the death of a man like Alexander Poliakov, killed somewhere on the raging battlefronts of Russia? Only a few weeks have passed since Poliakov's book, *Russians Don't Surrender,* was published in this country. Not long before its publication, we were proud to carry three articles by the author, cabled from the Soviet Union. They constituted an exciting series about Red Army tanks, beginning with their production and going on to vivid descriptions of the tanks in action. We received many letters about these articles, and the series was widely reprinted.

Poliakov was more than a Red Army correspondent (of *Red Star*)—he was the commissar of a battalion. His book, according to the Associated Press dispatch telling of his death, was written "after he had escaped German encirclement early in the war" and he saw action in the battles of Staraya Russa and Rzehv. Some day, surely, an epic will be especially written around the lives of these Soviet writers who fought while they wrote, and wrote while they fought. Saddening as Poliakov's death is, it still contains that special quality of heroism which affords a glimpse into the incredible heroism of a whole people—a people under bombs and merciless gun fire, outnumbered, tortured, devastated. These are the people of whom Poliakov wrote in *Russians Don't Surrender.* The book's title is his own epitaph.

THE mail that comes addressed to our Subscription Department sometimes makes the most interesting reading (and we're not referring to checks). It seems that we have a number of subscribers who are moved once a year, when they renew their subscriptions, to tell us what they think about us. Perhaps the one that interested us most last week was a letter from Oregon, as follows: "I would like to renew my subscription, however it will be some time before I will have an opportunity to go to town and mail you a money order. Due to shortage of men in our national forests, we who are manning forest fire lookouts only get one day a month off to go to town, and maybe not even that. I have not missed an issue in five years, and I do not want to miss one now. I have found your analysis of news far above that of any other journal of opinion."

WE HAVE had to make something of a rule for this column, that meetings, concerts, and similar affairs which do not directly involve NM or members of its staff cannot be announced here. The space simply isn't enough. However, we break the rule now and then, when we feel that the event under consideration especially deserves to be called to our readers' attention. This week, we are breaking it twice. We think you should know about the United China Relief rally at Carnegie Hall (New York City) on Saturday, October 10, marking the thirty-first anniversary of the founding of the Chinese republic. In addition to an impressive list of speakers, the Schola Cantorum will sing.

We should also like to tell you about the International Labor Defense's "Defending the Home Front" dinner, which will take place Friday night, October 9, at the Hotel Commodore, NYC. The speakers here will include Cong. Vito Marcantonio; Alderman Earl B. Dickerson of Chicago, member of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practices; Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States; Councilman A. Clayton Powell; Dr. Harry F. Ward; Mrs. Carol King; and Juan Antonio Corretjer of Puerto Rico. Joseph Selly, president of the American Communications Association, will act as chairman.

NOVEMBER 20 will be a very special day in the history of NM. We are reserving that evening for *you.* So please make a careful note on your calendar to leave that evening free for a celebration that you surely won't want to miss. More details later.

THIS WEEK

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THE CRISIS OF ALLIED STRATEGY

Outmoded conceptions of coalition warfare. Joseph Starobin explains why waiting plays into Hitler's hands. Mistakes that can be rectified while there is still time. The answer is: NOW.

STALIN'S letter to the American correspondent Henry Cassidy completes a cycle of policy-making and policy-revealing pronouncements from four capitals. Churchill had reviewed the war on September 8; the President had spoken the evening before. Hitler had his say September 30.

Stalin's letter comes last, although the Soviet viewpoint on the present crisis has been known for most of the summer, and in truth, nothing has spoken for the Soviet people so eloquently as the defense of Stalingrad. Without analyzing Mr. Stalin's letter in detail (it was published after this article was already in type) it is nevertheless a clear confirmation of how serious is the crisis among the United Nations. Stalin speaks of "obligations" on the part of the Allies; with all the authority at his command, he makes it plain that the agreement of June 11 constituted an obligation. Second, he wishes this to be carried out "fully"—no second-rate fronts will do; third, he wishes it carried out on "time"—which obviously means this year, otherwise the reference to time has no meaning. Finally Stalin makes it plain that this is not a question of the Soviet Union's own interest, for as he says, the USSR is at least prepared to take care of itself as well if not better than the situation demands; the burden of the war which the Red Army is now carrying will boomerang upon the Allies unless they conceive of it as a *common* burden and begin to carry it together.

So much then for Stalin's letter. We can arrive at the same serious estimate of the situation by examining Hitler's speech. It is less important for what it says about conditions within Germany, which is plenty. It is most important for what it tells us about the present strategic moment; and if we grasp precisely what it was that Hitler said, the alternative lines of development for the United Nations become clearer than ever. And a second front—now—becomes crucial.

SUPPOSE we take Hitler's speech at face value, for the sake of the discussion. Hitler says he wishes "to hold in all circumstances, what must be held; that is, let the enemy run against us wherever we do not intend to advance and let him storm as long as he wants to, hold adamantly, and wait to see who tires out first." He speaks further in the most boastful tones of how Germany is going to organize the Ukraine and the Kuban; he speaks scornfully of the second front.

Now Hitler may be fooling us when he says that he wishes to rest on his oars; if he is deceiving us, all the more reason to take the offensive ourselves for the longer we delay the more damage both Germany and Japan can do to us. On the other hand, if it is true that Hitler is badly hurt, wishes to consolidate rather than advance further, this is a tremendous victory for Soviet strategy. And it can be, if properly taken advantage of, a tremendous turning point for all the United Nations.

Why? Because it has been the basic objective of the Red Army from the inception of the struggle to wear the enemy down before he reaches the Vloga, to blunt his pincers, rob him of his elite shock-troops, force him to a dead-stop. For it was Stalin's conception of the anti-Hitler coalition, and the function of the Red Army within it, that if the Nazis could be robbed of their dynamic, and forced to go over to the defensive, with the Red Army still intact as far as reserves and key industrial and oil producing areas still unhampered, then between the growing strength of Great Britain and the United States and the remaining strength and recuperative powers of the Soviet Union, Hitler could be locked in two fronts, *forced on to the defensive while his enemies were undertaking the offensive.* If Hitler's strategic pattern could be altered by the Red Army's active resistance, this would be a profound victory—provided that at such a moment the other members of the coalition did in fact exert their power in western Europe.

IT WAS the opinion of Churchill during his visit here last December that the point at which the Nazis would finally be forced to change their strategy would come in 1943. It was the opinion of Stalin expressed last November and again in February that such a change was possible in 1942.

What the Soviet spokesmen (and with them millions of Englishmen and Americans of all points of view) have been saying since last winter was this: the war can be decided in eastern Europe; the Red Army takes the full weight of the aggressor on its shoulders; it fights in a way no anti-fascist force has fought before; it gives the western nations time to prepare. But once the enemy is worn down and wishes to pass from the offensive to the defensive, that is the supreme moment of coalition, that is the moment, if it cannot possibly be sooner, when the West must throw its forces in. All this, said Stalin, can come about in 1942.

And there was in fact such a moment last winter. In his speech of April 26 Hitler admitted that he faced a terrible crisis last winter. He spoke of the "threat of disaster" which hung over his armies; he said that he was compelled to "act hard and ruthlessly in order to master by grim determination a fate to which otherwise we might have had to succumb."

It was during those months in which the Red Army was advancing that Soviet spokesmen such as Litvinov and Maisky, as well as millions of fighting Englishmen and to a lesser extent, Americans, made their initial demand for a second front. In his speech of June 22, at Madison Square Garden, Maxim Litvinov looked back and said: "There can be no sort of doubt that if the German forces had been diverted from the Eastern Front at the moment when the initiative was in the hands of the Red Army, when German troops were weakened and demoralized, the whole military perspective might have changed and it would certainly have been possible to inflict a considerable, if not final, defeat on the main Hitler army. *This moment was allowed to slip* [my italics]. Let us hope the lesson has not been in vain."

BUT as we know now, the lesson was in vain at least as far as the first half of this year was concerned. Churchill told us in his speech of July 2 of the tremendous concentration of forces which was taken from the British Isles and shipped to the Middle East. He spoke of having sent "from this country, and from the empire, and to a lesser extent from the United States 950,000 men, 4,500 tanks, 6,000 aircraft, nearly 5,000 pieces of artillery, 50,000 machine guns, and over 100,000 mechanical vehicles. . . ." "For the last six months," he declared at another point in that same address, "Our convoys to the east have grown. Every month about 50,000 men with the best equipment we can make rounded the Cape of Good Hope. . . ." And in his address of September 8 the British Prime Minister disclosed that "As far back as *last March* I asked President Roosevelt to loan me shipping to transport an additional forty or fifty thousand men to the Middle East. . . ."

Now these figures are interesting in so far as they prove beyond question the availability of men, materiel, and shipping all during last spring. They prove that all the arguments that a second front could not be opened because of the lack of men, materiel, and shipping were so much hogwash.

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But even more important for the purposes of our discussion these figures show the disparity in strategy between ourselves and the Red Army. Instead of concentrating what we had on the British Isles to take advantage of Hitler's crisis last winter, we proceeded to disperse our forces in all sorts of different parts of the globe, on essentially secondary fronts. Walter Lippmann, upon his return from London last week, confirmed the truth of this assertion. He wrote in his first column (September 28) "British and American land, sea, and air forces are, as one eminent soldier has said, being scattered like confetti over all the spots of the earth that national interests, imperial interests, and the older professional strategists deem vitally important."

So THE Soviet Union, expressing the interests of real coalition warfare, decided to make another try. Molotov visited London and Washington at the end of May and an agreement was reached for the opening of a second front this year. Molotov's argument, repeating Stalin's half a year earlier, must have run along something of the following lines: Gentlemen, the Nazis are going to throw their full weight on us again this summer. Very well, we shall hold this attack as best we can; we consider that our front is still the place where the war can be decided. We shall again pursue our strategy of active defense; we believe that a point will be reached some time this summer or fall when the effects of our strategy will again create a crisis for the Nazis. You can help us, and help yourselves by coming into battle right away. But at least do not fail to come into battle the moment the crisis of German strategy impends.

Hitler's speech confirms the fact that Molotov's estimate proved to be correct. Dorothy Thompson with her keen interest in the continent generally sensed the critical hour with remarkable prescience the other day. In her radio address on WJZ, September 27, a few days before Hitler spoke, she said: "It is not too late to take advantage of the serious crisis in the German army, and Mr. Willkie is correct, opportunity is knocking at the door. The German armies are for the second time in the history of this war in a very serious predicament. For the second time their timetable is off and they have failed to accomplish their aims. For the second time the Russian army has performed a strategical victory of extraordinary brilliance. For the second time it has prepared Germany for the knockout blow by the United States. The question is: will we default a second time?"

But we have not yet done with Hitler's remarks. Suppose that a divergence in the strategy of the United Nations is permitted to continue? Hitler's speech very cleverly indicates his awareness of this possibility, and he baits the trap accordingly. Hitler goes to great pains to describe how thoroughly he intends to organize his conquests. This is no more and no less than an invitation to the Munichmen—one might say the Bank of International Settlements—to come forward and join with Germany, to finance the reconstruction of Europe on a fascist basis. Hitler repeats a constant theme of his propaganda: "This is quite sure: No bourgeois state will survive this war" which is a way of threatening Britain with "bolshevization" *a la* Lady Astor, and it is a way of saying that unless the Munichmen come forward and do business with Hitler, Germany itself will go "bolshevik."

In other words, at the very moment that Hitler is considering his transition to the defensive, he covers his own worry as to whether he will succeed by, on the one hand, speaking contemptuously of the second front, and on the other hand, inviting the pro-Munich forces in the western world to come walking into his parlor. He expects them to say: "You see, Hitler is satisfied; we cannot possibly attack him; let us come to some sort of reasonable terms." Which is of course precisely the meaning of the latest peace offer to the Polish government-in-exile. And it must be observed in passing that Hitler cleverly chose the Polish government for his experiment knowing full well that Poland is a leading Catholic country in Europe, and speculating that this would influence the Vatican, influence Catholic opinion in South America, as well as that great unknown continent called the State Department.

Whether Hitler really expects peace or not is not material: he needs time. And if talk of peace can delay the second front, that is what he wants. He wants time to delay the second front so as to overcome the crisis that confronts him, in order to consolidate for a further advance at the expense of the United Nations, especially Britain and the United States.

But the Munichmen in Britain and this country are in a minority. The basic forces are anti-Munich; and this is true of the working people as a whole, the middle classes and decisive sections of the bourgeoisie. What then does Hitler's speech mean for those conservative elements, who have been hesitating back and forth, delaying, vacillating in the face of the necessity of coalition warfare?

This is a question of prime importance. Most of the press has reacted along the lines that Hitler reveals himself a "prisoner of his successes." They show satisfaction with his desire to go on the defensive; they doubt exceedingly whether this is possible; they taunt Hitler, as did the New York *Times*, and they promise him an offensive some time next year, after he has still further entangled himself in his successes.

This would be OK—*if combined with a second front.* This is extremely dangerous—*in the absence of a second front.* Hitler will in fact become a prisoner of his successes, only if we take advantage of this very moment and confront him with warfare on two fronts, only if we take advantage of the fact that the Red Army's "strategical victory of extraordinary brilliance" has again imposed upon Hitler a change of strategy.

But if the second front is delayed, what will happen? Hitler will use the time to reorganize his forces, and then his Munichmen in this country and Britain will become more arrogant than ever, and then our conservative friends who wish to win this war, but want so badly to wait until 1943, will find that Hitler will not only have used the time we give him for consolidation, but he will then use his consolidated forces to attack in the Middle East. He will wipe up the British empire, including India; counteract all the plans of our High Command for North Africa—yes, even beating us to Dakar—and we shall wake up next summer, as Wendell Willkie said, to find we are too late. For the second time, strategic coordination with the Red Army would have gone by default. And the consequences for us will be even just as severe as it has been for the Red Army, if not more so.

The root of our difficulty then, is a difference of conception with our conservative friends. And by conservative friends I mean all those people who want to do the right thing, who want to win the war, who want to preserve capitalism to be sure, who admire the Soviet Union, but who hesitate to urge a second front now on the theory that perhaps we can really wait until 1943. I am often asked whether these are not really Munichmen; one comes up against the question at meetings and social gatherings as to whether Mr. Churchill's policy is not actually a Munich policy.

The answer is that these conservative forces are not Munich forces at all. Munich was a plan whereby Chamberlain intended to *join with Hitler in a partnership* at the expense of the Soviet Union, at the expense of the people's forces in Europe, at the expense of the French empire, and at the expense of the United States in South America.

But the circles whom Churchill represents, and the same is true of the New York *Times*, are in fact anxious and desirous of *defeating* Hitler, not joining with him at all. The only trouble is that their conception of coalition, if continued, can lead to great disasters, for it is a conception of coalition that

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Zec in the London Daily Mirror

gambles with our allies, and our whole position while the real Munich forces work away for a negotiated peace and thoroughly demoralize and disorganize us at home.

The conservative conception of coalition is not a Munich conception. But it is true, as Oscar Wilde says, that "In war, half-hearted support of a friend is worse than plain treachery." By failing to act now, our conservative friends lay themselves open to the inroads and accession of strength of the Munich forces. If led to its logical conclusions, the policy of delay becomes indistinguishable from the policy of the Munichers.

THE conservative conception of coalition, as expressed in George Fielding Eliot's columns recently, goes something like this: a group of friends are beset by a group of gangsters. They pounce on one of the friends first; he has to stand them off alone. The other two friends stand by and cheer, and give small assistance on the theory that as the gangsters wear themselves down, they will come in and finish up the job. So one man goes down, and then another will go down and the third, disconcerted to be sure, nevertheless believes that with his strength unimpaired and growing, he will at the close tackle the gangsters, take advantage of their weariness, keep his friends breathing, even though they breathe hard, and ultimately win the battle. Very well, our last friend unquestionably wants to win. But that is winning the hardest way. Moreover, to try to win that way is also to face these dangers: just as the gangsters are themselves panting hard, somebody comes along and says: "Why fight them anyway? They are breathing hard; make peace and they'll be eating out of your hand for the rest of your life. If our last friend, which is the United States, does that, the gangsters gain time, recover their breath, and then they tackle him when his friends are already lying on the ground. He risks complete defeat.

Real coalition means this: One of our friends takes the weight on his shoulders, true. But at a given moment, the other two pile in and since their combined strength is greater than that of the gangsters, they win the victory—more easily, *much more easily and surely* than the conservative conception of coalition which I have described.

The great danger is that we shall try to win this war by fighting the enemy ourselves after our friends have been badly weakened. And the great danger, after Hitler's speech, is that we shall give our gangster-enemies the chance of reformation of their ranks and relative recuperation, on the mistaken thesis that no matter what happens to our friends, the Russians, we are going to be stronger someday than the rest of the world put together. The great danger is that we shall deliberately try to strengthen secondary fronts, instead of attacking in the West while the Red Army is punching hard and effectively and has forced the enemy to change his whole perspective.

THUS if Hitler's speech is fully understood, it can become the moment of a vast transformation of the situation in our own favor. If we act now together with Stalingrad, we can still effect a true war of coalition. If we delay, we open the road to the Munichmen who wish to come to peace with Hitler, which means the subordination of our national independence to Germany. If we delay any further, our conservative friends, who want to win this war the longest and the hardest way, lay themselves open to the danger that the Munichmen among them will undermine, split, deceive, and disorient them to the point where *not* the conservative anti-Munich forces, but the Munich forces will have the upper hand.

Especially after Stalin's letter, it is a question of now—or never. The way to answer Hitler's speech is to say: Now.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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THE PARALYSIS OF CAUTION

R. Palme Dutt writes from London that the "need now is for the harshest facing of the real situation." Where the policy of the opponents of an immediate second front leads.

London (by cable).

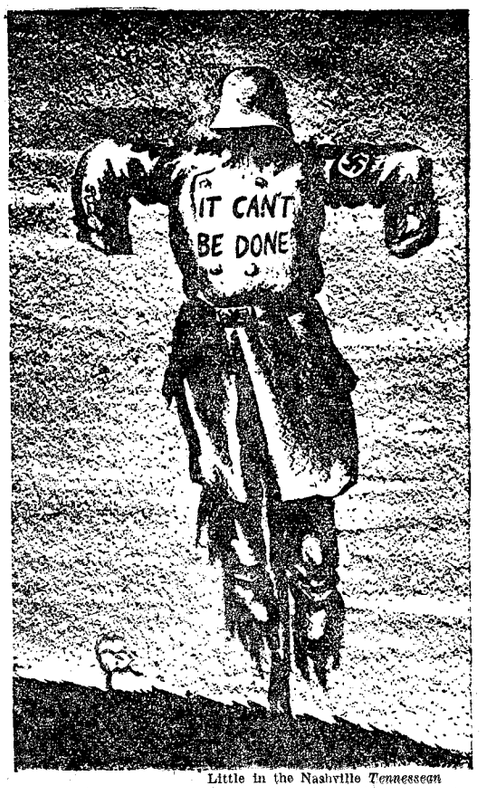
THE crisis of Allied strategy is here. Three-quarters of this crucial year have passed, within which Britain and the United States pledged to have established the second front in Europe. There is still no second front in Europe. The sands are running out. It must now be plain to all, as Wendell Willkie's warning has made clear, that we are faced with the gravest crisis of Allied strategy since the establishment of the British-Soviet alliance. Nothing is to be gained by diplomatic soft speaking. On the contrary. The need now is not for optimistic slogans but for the harshest facing of the real situation. We are confident that once public opinion is awakened from the present fog of uncertainty, hesitation, and contradictory official statements, to the plain and menacing facts of the present position, such a volume of feeling will be aroused as will sweep away the obstacles to action which are impeding victory.

First, Mr. Churchill's speech of September 8 made plain that the strategic outcome of the Moscow conference was negative on the main issue. While he spoke of "complete agreement on war plans and war policy" as the outcome of the Anglo-American strategic conferences in July, he said of the Moscow conference that "The Russians do not think that we or the Americans have done enough" and that "It is difficult to make the Russians understand all the problems."

Second, the whole character of the controversy which has since been allowed to develop in the British and American press on what should have been agreed upon government policy, no less than the increasingly urgent reference to the issue in the Soviet press, has made plain that there is still no unified Allied strategy. The divergence is open and unconcealed.

Third, the character of official and semi-official statements, the deploring of the second front campaign, the boosting of alternative policies, and the ignoring or explaining away of the pledge have provided unmistakable pointers. Especially important in this connection were the statements on behalf of the General Council at the Trade Union Congress in opposition to the Engineering Union's resolution for the immediate organization of the second front. The Council argued that "We must not be tied down to a timetable" or committed to establishing the second front "within the next three months."

Fourth, Wendell Willkie's authoritative warning against "overcaution" of British and American military authorities has brought the whole issue to a head. We must unhesitatingly draw the necessary political conclusions from this situation and shape our action accordingly. We are faced with a menace which would be even graver in its consequences than Munich. But it is more important to face the facts, however harsh and unwelcome. There is still time to prevent such a catastrophe. No one can remain wilfully blind behind the self-deceiving motto "Trust the experts"—the motto which concealed the betrayal of France in order after the event to weep and moan and write epitaphs and hold inquests on the ruin of a world. We can afford to spare no efforts. We do not accuse the British government of unwillingness to fulfill the pledge to establish the second front at the earliest possible moment. But we do charge it with failure to overcome the technical and political obstruction which stands in the way and to make whatever ruthless changes in all commanding positions necessary to ensure immediate execution of its pledged policy.



Little in the Nashville *Tennessean*

"Second front bogey-man"

WHERE does the policy of the opponents of the second front lead? At present they appear as the prophets of caution. They speak only of postponement and delay until a more favorable season. But supposing they were to succeed in their aim of paralyzing British-American action in the present decisive hour so that Hitler should be enabled to carry through his plan of immobilizing the offensive power of the Soviet Union in the East in order to turn with his main forces to the West. Is it not obvious that their present very shaky arguments to show the impossibility of facing one-tenth of Hitler's forces in the West today would be reinforced a hundredfold to prove the impossibility of facing ten times the opposing strength in the spring of 1943? Then the hidden political implications of their present arguments would appear. Petain and Weygand also did not begin as the advocates of surrender. They began by organizing the defeat in order then to prove the inevitability of surrender.

The path of the opponents of a second front now is not the path of caution. It is in the final analysis the path of surrender to Hitler. That is the political essence of Munichism. Can we defeat these forces in time? Of course we can—and must. There is no question of the response of the entire British and American peoples once the issue is plainly put. But for this a powerful campaign is essential. That is why the Communist Party of Great Britain has placed in the forefront the proposal for an over-all conference of working class organizations so as to rally the entire nation in the present urgent crisis—to ensure the execution of every measure that is necessary and the removal of every hindrance and obstruction, whether in ministerial ranks or in the ranks of the General Staff, to the immediate establishment of a second front.

FINALLY, is it correct for public opinion to intervene on a question of strategy and exert pressure against a reactionary section of the high command? It is not only correct but essential in certain conditions where political and strategical questions are intermixed. It might be said that no war has ever been won unless civilian authority has known how to impose its will against professional military obstruction. In the last war Lloyd George had to force through a unified command only in the fourth year of the war against the heaviest military obstruction and thus make victory possible. "The generals" (if by this we mean the reactionary forces in the high command) were wrong on Spain. They were wrong on Munich. They were wrong on Finland. They were wrong in their estimate of the Red Army and the Soviet Union. They were wrong on Tobruk and Singapore. We cannot afford the luxury of allowing them to be proved wrong again on the question of the second front now. The correctness of our policy must now be proved no longer by the disasters following its rejection, but by the success of its execution. This depends on our present campaign.

R. PALME DUTT.

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WAR KNOWS NO SEASON

Answers to the excuse that a western offensive cannot be launched because of fall and winter weather. Timoshenko's developing counter-stroke at Stalingrad. By Colonel T.

MANY newspapers have been giving us meteorological maps of Europe and Asia. Of course, such maps cannot be exact because the so-called *isotherms,* lines connecting points with an equal mean temperature, are fluid. Nevertheless, they have a general value. They show that winter does not advance parallel by parallel, but in curves whose convexities point in a general southwestern direction. They also show that in three weeks from now the Arctic and northern sectors of the Eastern Front will be frozen; in seven weeks *all* sectors, excepting the lowlands of the North Caucasus, will be freezing, and that by the turn of the year all sectors will be frozen, including the North Caucasus.

We also see that the isotherm of late frost (January 1) does not reach much west of Berlin. Therefore, western Europe including England and the westernmost strip of Norway is free of real winter. What then, are the weather conditions facing an invasion of Europe this late fall and winter?

THERE is no doubt that certain circles who need "public prodding," as Mr. Willkie so aptly put it, will advance alibis for *not* opening a second front until spring (if then). One alibi will be the weather. This sort of thing was already in the wind last week when British sources stated that during one of the latest RAF forays over Holland and western Germany, severe "freezing conditions" were encountered. It was even intimated that a comparatively high loss of bombers was due to these conditions.

This is possible, of course, but if true, it simply means that again the United Nations' command has failed to profit from Soviet experience. This experience in cold-weather flying is extremely rich and was gained over the whole Arctic, and twice over the North Pole long before the war.

However, be that as it may, as far as high altitude bombing is concerned, the weather over the probable invasion area may affect aerial operations (on both sides) because of fog which will prevail near the coast in October and November. If Allied bombers are not able to blast the communication centers and strong points immediately in the rear of the invasion zone, German aircraft will not be able to attack the invasion armada either. Fog over the Channel will work almost entirely in favor of the invaders, providing their ships and barges with a super-smoke screen.

Another argument which will be advanced is "Flanders mud." "Remember the last war, Passchendaele, and all that sort of thing." First of all, that awful Flanders mud appeared after months of fighting and bombardment. Dikes were broken, canals overflowed, the earth was churned up by shells, by endless supply trains and guns, etc. This would not be the case in the first phases of an Allied invasion in France. Secondly, even if there is mud around, the German panzer units would suffer from it considerably more than the Allied troops. It stands to reason that the enemy would have more armored strength at least at the outset than the Allies and would be tied down to the roads to a great extent, giving the Allied shock troops an opportunity to apply infiltration tactics.

When we look back at the German operations in early spring in Norway and in the Balkans, and especially at the Soviet counter-offensive in the dead of winter, we see that fighting is possible practically in all seasons. We also see that almost ideal conditions, as in the Western Desert in Africa today, can be thrown away without being exploited. In short, the naval part of the invasion would be facilitated by fogs and the land part would not be hampered by rain and mud enough to make it impossible. Where there is a will there is a way.

★

THE latest dispatches from Stalingrad (as of October 4) seem to imply that the Germans are pouring in reinforcements steadily, but not as fast as the Red Army can do the killing. Thus, at this writing, a certain equilibrium (which may be temporary) has been achieved. In tactical terms it finds expression in the fact that buildings "change hands as often as ten and fifteen times a day." Failing to gain by direct assault, the Germans have intensified the shelling and the bombing of what is left of the city, but because there is little of it left standing, the effect of this terrific bombardment is less severe than it would be if buildings were toppling over the heads of the defenders. A blasted city can be defended by a determined garrison more easily than one that is still intact.

In the meanwhile Marshal Timoshenko, having avoided von Bock's pincers at Stalingrad, is forging a pair of pincers himself. These pincers at present somewhat resemble a Stilson wrench, with their northern branch considerably more developed and more powerful than the southern. The latter is simply a counter-stroke in the embryonic stage and has its origin somewhere in the southern suburbs of Stalingrad. Here the Red Army has no easy way of getting reinforcements and supplies, and must rely entirely upon the ferry service across the Volga and the railroad which at this point is more than 100 miles east of the Volga.

The northern arm of Timoshenko's pincers is considerably more powerful, being based on the two parallel railroads running from Borissoglebsk to Uryupinsk, Mikhailvoka, and Stalingrad, and from Balashov to Kamyshin on the Volga, 100 miles above Stalingrad.

It has been reported that von Bock (or whoever is taking his place) is compelled to keep twenty-five German and satellite divisions warding off Timoshenko's blows on that sector alone. The sector of the counter-blow stretches for about eighty miles from Dubovka on the Volga to Kletskaya well inside the great bend of the Don. The operation itself is of great interest, representing one of the "classical" modern (assuming that these words can be used jointly) methods of conducting a "counter-blitz." (I hope to be excused for using this rather civilian expression.)

The theory of countering a blitz breakthrough envisages three fundamental methods of using the strategic reserves available to the defending High Command. One—the reserves are used to man a new line to the rear of the broken zone; this is an antiquated, first world war method which, however, has unfortunately been employed by certain Allied commanders in this war. Two—the zone of the breakthrough is ignored and the counter-stroke is delivered in an adjoining sector preferably behind the protection of a transversal or "bolt" position. The counter-stroke is at first parallel to the enemy thrust, and later curves in at right angles, through the "bolt" position. It then strikes across the enemy feed-lines and against his second and third rate formations which follow in the van of the blitz spearhead. Three—the counter-stroke is delivered head-on against the very spearhead of the enemy's breakthrough, striking before he has been able to regroup and reorganize his troops after the break.

Marshal Timoshenko is definitely *not* using the first method. His action is a combination of the second and third methods, according to the means at his disposal. He has less men, less tanks, and less planes than the enemy. This is obvious. His communications in the zone of the German break into Stalingrad are far inferior to the German means. He has only the Volga, and that must now be impassable in the daytime because of the German artillery on sectors of the western bank and because of Nazi air superiority.

But he has pretty good communications in the area of his transversal position north of Stalingrad (Kachalinskoye-Dubovka) which stretches about forty-five miles between the Volga and the Don. While the garrison of Stalingrad meets the Germans head-on, Timoshenko is using his own strategic reserves which are pushing through the "bolt" position and threatening the German left flank.

COLONEL T.

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Delano, Farm Security Administration

Street scene in the hill town of Lares, Puerto Rico.

BATTLE FOR LATIN AMERICA

Earl Browder points the way to beat the Axis menace below the Rio Grande. Policies for the junk pile. Puerto Rico as a test. Third of five articles.

HITLER'S march toward world conquest has brought danger to the very existence of independent nations in Latin America for the first time since their emergence in the Bolivarian revolution in the early nineteenth century. Latin America belongs, of necessity, in the ranks of the United Nations. The ten republics of Central America and the Caribbean were among its first adherents. Brazil, declaring a state of war with Nazi Germany at the moment this is being written, brings the largest of South American nations into the coalition. Yet it was not without serious reason that Vice-President Wallace, in his famous speech of May 8, warned of serious Axis incursions into Latin America as an imminent danger. The struggle for Latin America between Hitler and the United Nations is intense and bitter, and Hitler's fifth column invasion has long been under way.

It is in the struggle against the fifth column that the war appears predominantly at the present stage in Latin America. And this fifth column has greater organized forces in Latin America than Hitler was able to command in any of his European victims of armed conquest. In Argentina these Axis influences still dominate the government, although the masses and their political parties are overwhelmingly on the side of the United Nations.

The bases of Axis operations within Latin America are: First, the large groups of German, Italian, and Japanese immigrants, which are chiefly in concentrated communities dominated completely by Axis leadership, and completely at the disposal of the Axis government; second, the diplomatic network of the Axis-dominated Spanish government of Francisco Franco, which leads and organizes the reactionary Spanish and native elements in the Falangist movement, and which openly prepares the re-establishment of the old Spanish empire in Latin America with Axis military support; and third, the specialized gangs of spies, saboteurs, and agents-provocateur, which Hitler has organized from the underworld of all nationalities, but which is commanded by his direct German agents, and which penetrates even into the labor movement in the persons of Trotskyites and similar criminal elements.

Methods of operation of the fifth column in Latin America follow the classical pattern. They foment and embitter all struggles going on within the particular nation in which they operate, and try by all means to disintegrate the majority of the people into warring groups. They foment and embitter all issues, real or imaginary, between nations and especially between Latin America as a whole and the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union. Their own forces they keep as a solid striking power by the use of the typical Nazi terroristic dictatorship.

It was the intrigue of the Nazi fifth column which threw Brazil into crisis several years ago, resulting in the institution of a semi-dictatorial regime dependent upon a military force honeycombed with Nazi agents, while the popular leader, Luis Carlos Prestes, was thrown into prison. When recently the visiting Cuban leader, Blas Roca, Communist member of the Cuban Congress, was permitted to visit at length with the imprisoned Prestes, this was an infallible sign that the control of the Nazi-inspired clique at the head of the Brazilian army had been broken by President Vargas. That judgment has now been confirmed with the entry of Brazil fully into the war against Germany and Italy. It

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is fully to be expected now that Luis Carlos Prestes, a brilliant military officer and popular leader, will soon be released from prison and take his place in the war effort.

THE anti-Soviet incitement is the chief weapon of the fifth column in Latin America, as in the United States, in China, in Europe, and throughout the world. But in Latin America an almost equally important weapon of the fifth column is to manipulate with the traditional suspicion and fears directed toward the United States, "the Colossus of the North." "Yankee imperialism" and the "Red menace" are the two chief slogans of the fifth column in Latin America directed against the United Nations.

The "Red menace" slogan is designed to arouse the fears of the upper classes against the labor movement and the rising tide of democracy, to intensify the class struggle within the country. The "Yankee imperialism" slogan is designed to cut off good relations between these upper classes and the United States. Then, when these upper classes are engaged in desperate efforts to repress their own labor movement, and are also thrown into a dither of fear of the United States imposing its control upon them from the North, the Axis agents step in with their fulsome promises of how the new world conquerors will befriend and help them to a better place in the world. This is all the more effective since the Axis operates here with a strong anti-Yankee tradition, based on more than three decades of imperialist intrusions of the United States into the inner affairs of Latin American countries, following the Spanish-American war of 1898; they did not have to invent the Yankee imperialist menace, but found it ready-made for them. The "good neighbor" policy of President Roosevelt has done much to disarm the Axis fifth column, though many and serious weaknesses remain in the United States' dealings with the republics to the South, which continue to feed the Axis propaganda.

The "Red menace" slogan of the Axis is being robbed of its effectiveness by the emergence of the real "Reds," the Communist parties, into the public life of many Latin American republics as co-workers and allies of other responsible parties and groups in the nation. Thus in Cuba the Communist Party of that country, fused with another party of the left in the Union Revolucionario-Communista, is an important sector of the democratic coalition which elected Fulgencio Batista to the presidency of that country, and played a constructive role in the writing of Cuba's new constitution. In Chile the Communist Party was an important factor in the creation of the victorious seven-party coalition of the Popular Front, which rules that country; it is also the leading party in the promotion of the cause of the United Nations among the masses. In Mexico the Communists work harmoniously with the labor movement, headed by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, which played a decisive role in electing the President, Manuel Avila Camacho, against the pro-Axis candidate Almazan, and all Mexico knows that the "Red menace" is a fraud inspired by German agents. The same tendencies show themselves throughout Latin America. They are the signs of the defeat of the Axis, and the victory of the United Nations.

The greatest single influence toward the unifying of Latin America with the United Nations is the organized labor movement, the trade unions of those countries. This movement is creating its own special continental expression, in the Confederacion de Trabajadores de America Latino, or the Latin American Confederation of Labor. To this Confederation, under the presidency of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, belongs much of the credit for rooting out, exposing, and defeating the Axis fifth column in Mexico, Chile, Cuba, and other countries, and the big steps being taken for national unity against Axis disruption.

THERE is still much to be done to dissipate the fear and suspicion of Yankee imperialism in order to create confidence throughout Latin America in the role of the United States as a leader of the United Nations. Memories of the past, however bitter they may be, of broken promises and violent interventions, of economic pressures, sharp diplomatic practices and financial exploitation, all could be removed to the archives of history and no longer play a damaging role in the present once the peoples of Latin America felt an assurance that the "good neighbor" policy was something deeper than the expediency of the historical moment. To bring such assurance to the Latin American peoples must be one of the tasks which the United States, its government and people, set themselves. That task may begin with words but it must end in deeds.

Beginning with words, we may say that it is always a disturbance of Latin American confidence in the United States when our public spokesmen presume to "talk tough" in giving counsel to our Southern neighbors. For example, it certainly did not strengthen the cause of the United Nations anywhere, when Sen. Tom Connally of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, threatened a change in the presidency of Argentina if that country's delegates did not vote right at the Rio Conference. The bluff and hearty senator may be an expert in the politics of the Lone Star State, but he certainly is a bull in the china shop when he intervenes in Latin American questions. His blustering remark did more harm to the unity of the Americas at the Rio Conference than all the machinations of the Axis fifth column agents, and instead of weakening the pro-Axis agents' position it strengthened it.

Proceeding to deeds, it will be necessary for the United States to clear up the anomalous position of Puerto Rico. Our citizenry is peculiarly ignorant of this factor in our foreign relations. This ignorance is disquieting and damaging, because it reflects an insensitiveness to moral considerations on the part of our ruling circles. The United States public and most of its leading circles are blissfully unaware that our government since 1898 has been holding in imperialistic subjection a Latin American nation, one of the most developed culturally, and in size the fourteenth in rank among twenty-one Latin American nations. But even though the United States remains unconscious of the role which it plays as absentee ruler of a small nation, it must not be supposed that Latin America as a whole is unconscious of it, even though its diplomats do not raise the question in their conversations with Washington. Latin Americans, in the nature of the case, develop sensitivity to such questions in inverse ratio to the degree that United States citizenry put on thick skins.

THIS blank in the public and official mind so far as Puerto Rico is concerned is interpreted by Latin Americans generally as meaning that we do not really consider them human beings, and that our official pronouncements of human brotherhood are but diplomatic fiction. Incidents such as the following tend to confirm the suspicion: Not long ago an official of the Office of Civilian Defense was asked what is being done to prepare Puerto Rico for civilian defense. The answer came, with unhesitating naivete, that civilian defense was not a problem in Puerto Rico as that island is one of our military outposts. So completely have we as a nation forgotten that Puerto Rico is not only a "possession" but also a nation of close to 2,000,000 men, women, and children!

It hardly disposes of the problem to protest that "It is such a little one." It is true that Puerto Rico cannot stir the conscience like India does, with the rumbling of giant upheavals, because Puerto Rico is not a giant. But small nations have ways of their own of proving that oppression always brings its own punishment, as the Irish have shown to Britain —and to the whole world, if we will deign to learn something from the Irish question, which has played and even now plays a part in United States domestic politics. Puerto Rico is becoming for our country what Ireland became for Britain, with the additional disadvantage for us that while the Irish had only two or three million brothers in the United States to agitate their cause, the Puerto Ricans have 120,000,000 brothers in twenty Latin American republics who may be stirred into solidarity with them. And it is not wise for the United States to have nearly 2,000,000 sullen "subjects" in the Gibraltar of the Caribbean, when it would be so easy to have instead the same number of enthusiastic and loyal allies.

If Puerto Rico is "a little one," we can only remark that six out of ten of the Latin American signatories of the Declaration of the United Nations are even littler, but we were glad and proud to have them sign as

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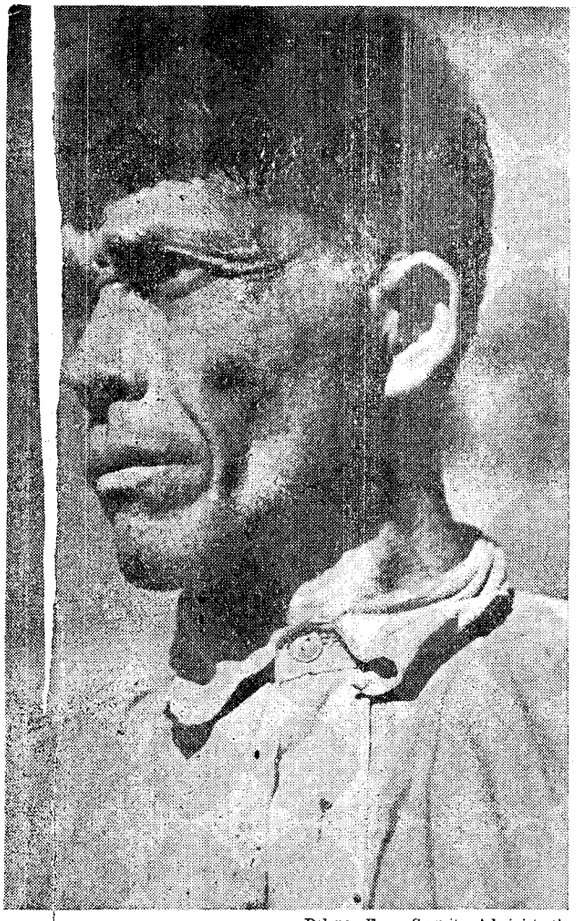

Delano, Farm Security Administration

One of Puerto Rico's 2,000,000. This farmer lives near Yauco.

equals of the United States. Even little Luxembourg, with one-sixth of Puerto Rico's population and little more than one-fourth of her area, is a proud co-signer of the Declaration with the British and the United States. Why not our "good neighbor" Puerto Rico?

Puerto Rico can be made an ally, a member of the United Nations, a loyal fighter by our side, if the United States would immediately recognize and implement her right of self-determination. It is no solution, but only an aggravation of the problem, when our officials give out newspaper stories which admit the justice of Puerto Rican aspirations but try to mollify them with vague promises of the right to elect their own "governor" sometime after the war. That fatal motto "Too little and too late" seems to be inherent in the bureaucratic conduct of affairs. A forthright recognition of Puerto Rico's nationhood would immediately halt the development of a new and more dangerous "Ireland" on our doorstep, and at the same time cut in half all our difficulties in Latin America. It would raise the moral influence of the United States throughout the world, and cement the United Nations for the strains of war as would no other possible act of ours except the successful establishment of the second front in Europe against the Nazis.

THERE comes to my mind the story of a Puerto Rican. He hated Nazism and fascism so deeply that when, in 1936, the Franco uprising against the Spanish republic began, he made his way to Spain and joined the republican army. He took part in the defense of Madrid until the end, was wounded several times, and when the republic fell he was one of the fortunate ones who escaped Butcher Franco's firing squads, returning to Puerto Rico. There he was one of the foremost fighters against the insidious influence of the Spanish Falange, agent of the Axis. He would be the first to urge an independent Puerto Rico to declare war against the Axis and conscript an army to fight the Axis anywhere, together with the United Nations. But when the United States conscription law was imposed upon Puerto Rico, this flaming warrior against the Axis refused to register for the draft that violated Puerto Rico's nationhood, and he received a prison sentence rather than sign an acknowledgment that his nation was "subject" to another.

Another symbol of our problem is Pedro Albizu Campos, a prisoner in Atlanta Penitentiary for the past five years. Campos is the president of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico. He was "convicted" of sedition, the same crime for which King George III would have imprisoned George Washington if he could have got his hands on him. Campos is of an old family of the Bolivarian tradition, to which Puerto Rico furnished many famous names. He is a Harvard man, a Catholic, and has world-wide contacts and reputation. He is among the purest of patriots. The government of the United States knows no way to handle such men and such forces but to lock them up and keep them mopping cement floors for five years.

If our proclaimed "good neighbor" policy is something deeper than the opportunism of the moment, then our nation's handling of Puerto Rico is a tragic blunder. It makes sense only as a part of a continuing imperialism determined eventually to subdue all of Latin America. Every Latin American nation looking at Puerto Rico, and every Latin American citizen looking at Pedro Albizu Campos, can exclaim to himself: "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

Not the least of the problems which disturb the relations between the United States and Latin America, and lend themselves to Axis manipulation, are economic. If one wishes to know, for example, why the pro-Axis forces in Argentina are so strong and stubborn, one can find a large part of the answer by turning the pages of the old issues of our *Congressional Record* and read the vitriolic speeches of Texas congressmen denouncing our government for permitting a few cans of Argentinian beef to be sold on United States markets, or consumed on United States warships! Those speeches of United States congressmen did more to establish the pro-Axis elements in power over Argentina than all the machinations of Hitler's agents could do; for these agents could have done nothing without those stupid congressmen in Washington to prepare the way for them.

The famous issue of Argentina's canned beef is only a symptom of a deep-going problem. Latin America urgently requires commerce with the economically advanced countries to dispose of her products of agriculture and mining and to obtain industrial products. Much of her exports must go to Europe, or fail of a market. The only way to answer this problem for Argentina is to open up the Second Front in Europe and show her in a most practical fashion that Hitler is not going to control Europe's trade with the rest of the world. When Argentina is convinced on that point, she will quickly find the way to sweep out of office the Hitlerite camarilla that now controls the country.

FOR all of Latin America, however, there is a permanent problem of economic adjustment to the rest of the world. All the republics to the south suffer from a system of world economy in which the great powers control commerce for their own benefit primarily, and siphon off most of the benefits of this commerce, which should be mutual, to their own side. Control of this commerce in the hands of the great powers further results in accentuating the trend to monoculture in the more backward and weaker countries especially, a trend which in Puerto Rico has brought that island into a catastrophic dependence upon the production of sugar for the world market—a dependence which in 1942 has inflicted actual famine upon that unhappy land. Those efforts which are made by international cartels to bring some order into the chaos of this semi-colonial system of economy bring profits only to the great powers, and only accentuate the dependent position of the less powerful countries.

For the war period it is absolutely essential that the United States give adequate attention to meeting the minimum economic needs of the Latin American countries, on terms which will not increase their internal strains, which are already great. For the postwar period, it is equally essential to develop an over-all plan of world economic relationships which will represent a decisive turn away from the old system of commerce which tends to degrade the weaker countries to the position of a colonial economy. That is one of the most serious of Latin America's problems.

The United States can, by establishing a correct approach, spirit, and method in dealing with Latin America, greatly facilitate that area's inevitable alignment with the United Nations, and increase its contribution to victory. We have as yet only the beginnings of such a correct approach. It is a primary task for all those Americans who want to help our country make its greatest possible contribution to crushing the Axis to become conscious of the problems of Latin America as a part of our own problems; to develop a public opinion which will impress that understanding of Latin America upon a governmental bureaucracy which is fixed in old attitudes and practices; and to establish friendly contacts between the people of this country and our Latin American neighbors, especially through the organized labor movements, which can ripen into a permanent and fruitful hemisphere solidarity.

EARL BROWDER.

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HORSE-TRADING IS NO PLAN

Political jockeying over manpower control leaves the problem unsolved. Those inter-agency squabbles. Farm bloc obstruction. Mr. McNutt makes a beginning. But the key is still planned production.

Washington.

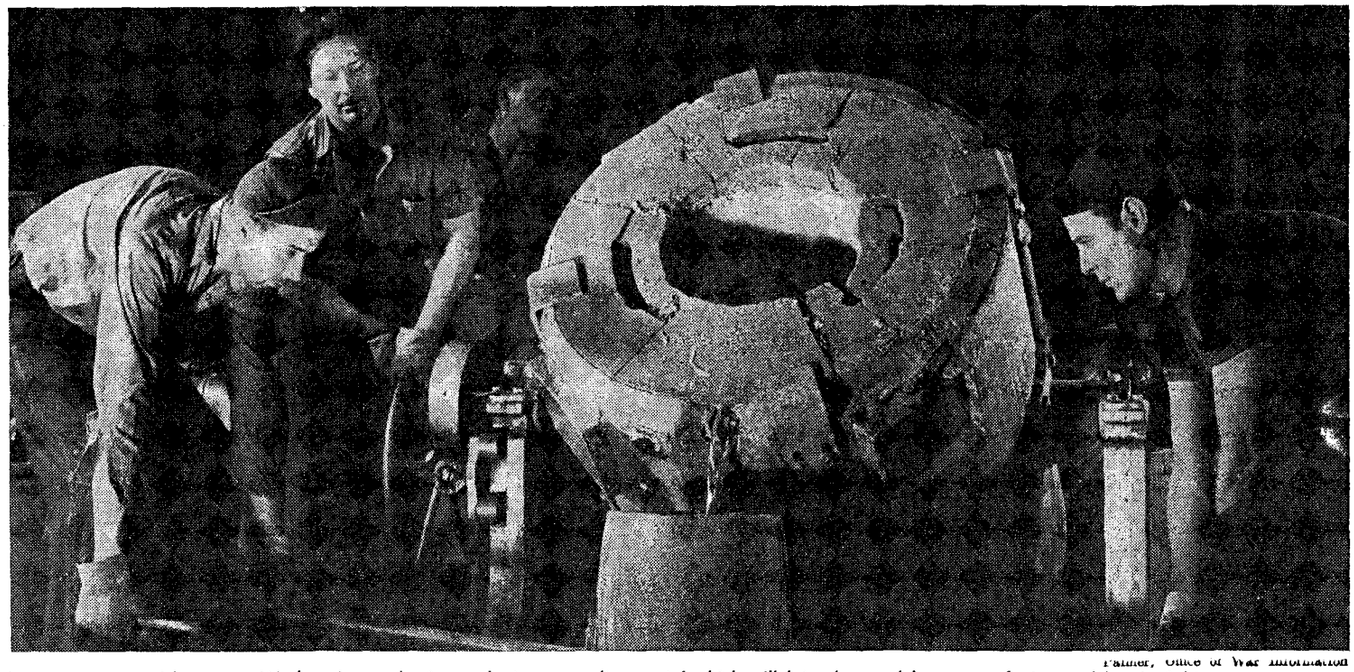
THE lobbyists who speak for the largest landlords and who call themselves "farmers" came to town to wreck the President's inflation program. Once in Washington, they found the congressional farm bloc gratifyingly tractable, so much so that they decided to kill two birds with one visit. They urged the farm bloc to get into the manpower mobilization controversy. Accordingly the House Agricultural Committee called hearings and lived up to all expectations by emerging with the slogan "Work or Fight," which to the bloc means nothing less than freezing farm labor.

General Hershey, director of Selective Service, gave his endorsement to the freezing formula. He then took to the lecture platform roundly to berate the civilian population on its attitude toward the war, and to warn of "legislation to make up deficiencies if voluntary and civilian methods fail to meet the labor shortage problem." On the same day Paul V. McNutt, director of the War Manpower Commission, gave his opinion on how to mobilize the labor supply: he stressed voluntary methods of procedure. As if to dramatize the debate over what should be done, Henry Kaiser swept into New York City to recruit workers for his West Coast shipyards. Manpower was recognized as a crucial war issue.

Yet labor shortages have not been noticeable on a nation-wide scale, though it is logical enough to anticipate difficulties. Failure to plan production, as reported last week, has made for confusion and for severe dislocation of the labor supply. Unemployed walk the streets of eastern cities, while up and down the West Coast a clamor goes up for more workers. Throughout the South labor is plentiful even at low wages, while from midwestern industrial centers come complaints of insufficient manpower to keep the factories going.

Last April President Roosevelt issued an executive order creating the War Manpower Commission under Paul V. McNutt, former governor of Indiana. The formation of WMC, however, did not convince either the War Production Board or the armed forces that jurisdiction over labor supply had been correctly or finally fixed. The WPB fervently desired the final voice in allocating labor, since it was responsible for production, and manpower was part and parcel of the problem. The armed forces, controlling Selective Service and with the right of decision over acceptances and deferments for the draft, felt that Selective Service should determine policy on how and where manpower should be used.

THE differences over jurisdiction fostered a good deal of rivalry. It was all very well to agree on the desirability of a national service act—legislation to control the distribution and utilization of manpower—but that didn't solve the question of what kind of legislation or which agency would administer it. On the subject, there were as many ideas as there were contenders for authority over manpower. Since Mr. McNutt's War Manpower Commission had been appointed by the President, those who wished to displace WMC decided that the only way to overcome McNutt's initial advantage was through Congress. The Army in particular was anxious to take over. Senator Austin of Vermont obligingly introduced a bill to place manpower control under the Selective Service System. And after General Hershey approved plans to freeze agricultural labor, his one-man lobby on the Hill, Lieutenant Colonel



Palmer, Office of War Information

Manpower. Workers in an aluminum plant pour molten metal which will later be used by a manufacturer of bomb sights.

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Kiesling, began to hint that in appreciation for General Hershey's concession, the farm bloc would probably support the Austin bill or one like it.

Tricky horse trading did not go unopposed. Senator Pepper called for a five-man investigating committee to be appointed by the Senate. He was supported by the CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods, and National Farmers Union. Senator Truman launched an investigation on his own. Senator Hill introduced a short, if sweeping, bill to hand manpower back to the President, instructing the Chief Executive to decide which agency —perhaps a new one to be appointed—would have jurisdiction. The House Tolan committee promised a report giving its conclusions from previous hearings.

All of this maneuvering and excitement naturally affected Mr. McNutt. Though he had not yet made full use of the powers vested in him by the President's executive order, he turned his attention from administering manpower to fighting for his political life. Not only had the Army moved in on Congress, but WPB had suddenly decided to form a Labor Requirements Division which threatened to drain authority from WMC and to grab control over labor supply for Mr. Nelson's agency. McNutt countered by advocating a national service act, but he postponed outlining his own version until he could study the problem further. He indicated that his proposals would have administration backing.

MOST of the dispute over who should be in charge of manpower and what to do about the labor supply put the cart before the horse. Proper mobilization of labor depends on production planning—which WPB has not achieved. The armed forces still will not state their requirements for the draft; even General Hershey does not know the number of men he will have to call into service. A good deal of vague talk is heard about an army of ten to thirteen millions by the end of 1943; estimates show that at least four workers will be needed to equip, maintain, and transport every soldier.

Now manpower is not unlimited. The size of the army must be related to the ability to supply it. Besides, production must also provide for lend-lease and civilian requirements. Realistic manpower mobilization cannot possibly precede decisions on how many men will be removed from the total labor supply, and when the draft calls will be issued, and above all, how occupational deferments will be determined. None of these three important factors has been settled. Certainly the American people want a large fighting army. But putting men into uniform without providing them with sufficient guns and planes and tanks and other supplies is obviously folly. Yet Selective Service authorities have not agreed which skills to exempt from the draft, whether to call married men, or the time and amount of the draft levies—because the Army will not decide the numbers required. Manpower mobilization must therefore wait.

Instead, the Army continues to revise its plans and to oversimplify the whole manpower problem. Discontented with the WPB's production record (and the discontent is justified), the Army impatiently seeks a solution to planless production by demanding control over the country's economy. If Selective Service can gain authority over manpower allocation, the Army will then have the final word on production. Hence the eagerness to mobilize manpower under Selective Service direction. Yet to remove production and manpower control from civilian supervision can seriously endanger the war effort. In 1931 Bernard Baruch warned: "The job of the War Department is our armed forces. That is a big job. To pile on top of it the task of economic mobilization would insure failure to both." To which Earl Browder recently added in a penetrating analysis of the economics of total war: "Nothing could be more certain to make it difficult to establish this planned economy than for the Army to move into the center of the production problem . . . the military mind will be obsessed with the single problem of war material in the narrower sense. But the problem of administrative control of the national economy is precisely *to bring a working relation* between the necessary phases of civilian economy, even in wartime, and the necessities of war production." (Emphasis in original.)

THE political jockeying over manpower control does not make Mr. McNutt's task easier. He has been forced to find some way to head off congressional action which threatens either to scrap the WMC or reduce it to impotence. He has found some allies in Congress; he counts on presidential support. But the need to push his own version of a national service act has prevented him from devoting his energy to solving the growing dislocations of labor supply.

To date the War Manpower Commission has taken one definite step toward solving a manpower policy. In the Rocky Mountain and West Coast areas the WMC set up voluntary controls over workers in lumber and in the non-ferrous metal mining, milling, and smelting industry. The precedent established in this first broad test of a non-pirating policy is the reliance placed on voluntary agreements of management, labor, and government as more effective than recourse to compulsion. McNutt did not freeze workers; migration was discouraged by eliminating discriminatory hiring practices, by promoting cooperation between union and management to keep workers on the job, and by seeking to protect workers against any abuse arising out of restrictions limiting their freedom to move from one job to another. The voluntary method has already succeeded in cutting down out-migration and in attracting new workers to the copper mines. Mr. McNutt showed an admirable ability to cooperate with the unions, and a readiness to act on suggestions submitted by the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. The WMC's Management-Labor Committee, participating fully in policy decisions, is a model that could well be emulated by WPB and other war agencies. Mr. McNutt has shown a genuinely progressive attitude in his refusal to lay down WMC policy without consultation with and agreement from the joint committee.

But Mr. McNutt has not pressed ahead on other fronts affecting manpower mobilization. He has failed, for example, to clean up the US Employment Service, which up to the war served the state political machines as a dumping ground for political hacks. The USES was inefficient and moribund. Industry with ample labor reserves found the government employment agency of little value. Mr. McNutt did appoint several men of ability to head USES regional offices, but his appointees received small welcome, and in one case Mr. McNutt's man was unable to remain in the region. Without cooperation, with behind-the-scenes sabotage against WMC, the first steps taken by Mr. McNutt have had little effect and USES remains on the whole unreconstructed.

Nor has Mr. McNutt pressed ahead with a training program. He has authority to do so, and the demands for labor are so great that new workers must be prepared to take their place in industry and displaced workers must be retrained. At present, however, only half of the existing vocational training facilities are utilized. The courses offered have often proved insufficiently integrated to industry's needs. Negroes, women, family men, subsistence farmers not already in war industry usually cannot afford an eight weeks' course costing from seventy dollars to $300—and then not be sure of employment. The tendency in Washington has been to view training as a luxury and as a secondary matter. But this is illogical when every worker is desperately needed to achieve all-out production. Men and women unable to afford training should be subsidized —the Navy pays shipyard apprentices, and private industry often pays new workers while they are being taught to handle tools and machines. Moreover, trainees will frequently have to be transported to jobs at government expense if labor is to be brought to those areas where there are shortages. Training itself should be related to the demands of industry—instead of

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vague courses which do not adequately fit the individual for the job. These requirements are primary—as the unions have pointed out repeatedly. Of course, labor supply must be understood to include all who can work regardless of race, color, sex, age, religion, political belief, or any other extraneous characteristic.

Mr. McNutt expressed his understanding of these preconditions to manpower mobilization when he appeared before the House Agricultural Committee. He testified that any solution of the farm labor problem must include the setting of farm wage standards, proper management, encouragement of migration from areas of labor surplus to those of labor scarcity, and the training of inexperienced workers. Inherent in Mr. McNutt's testimony was the warning that a national service act does not of necessity include—as the press takes for granted—an edict to freeze labor. The WMC has already shown how voluntary control can operate successfully.

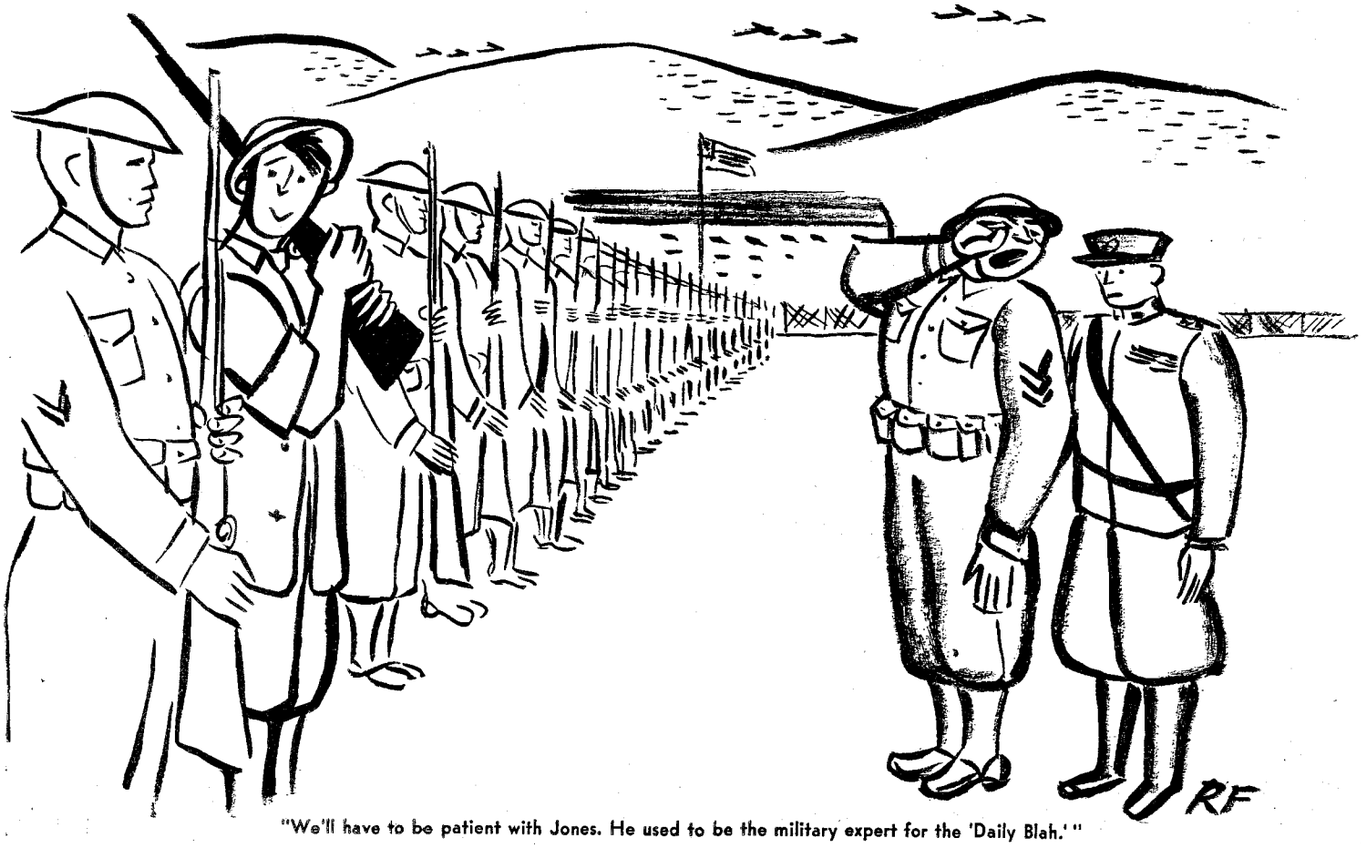
No matter what sort of national service act is adopted, it cannot be expected to accomplish miracles. So long as WPB fails to plan production, so long as Selective Service does not know its draft goals and does not pursue orderly methods of making withdrawals for the armed forces, just so long will manpower mobilization be inadequate and fruitless. Manpower control is the result of planned production; it cannot replace lack of planning. Too much stress is now placed on the benefits that supposedly accrue from a national service act, without sufficient emphasis on the need to relate such an act to the entire production setup and to the demands of Selective Service. Legislation will not automatically bring orderly procedures or proper scheduling.

The farm bloc's enthusiasm for freezing agricultural labor highlights misconceptions about manpower control. The bloc complains that labor is drained away from farm areas by Selective Service and by migration to industry. But the Department of Agriculture has no record of a crop going unharvested for lack of labor. What the farm bloc really desires is assurance that surplus labor in agricultural communities will be preserved through freezing. The farm bloc eagerly asks for the perpetuation of every abuse, while it opposes full use of local labor reserves—women, Negroes, subsistence farmers. The bloc raises a howl about labor shortages that promise food scarcity, but it refuses to support the Farm Security Administration's program to increase productivity of small farms through seed loans, fertilizer loans, technical assistance, pooling of agricultural machinery. Farm labor is plentiful enough if farming, like industry, accepts planning and utilizes all facilities. There is only a farm labor shortage if present-day iniquities so dear to the farm bloc's heart are continued.

THERE are many approaches, then, to manpower problems. Unfortunately, while organized labor has opposed freezing plans, the unions have not advanced a well-rounded manpower program of their own. They have expressed willingness to accept the right kind of national service act—but they have not yet determined the content of such legislation.

One thing is clear. A national service act can put an end to squabbles over jurisdiction which do the war effort no good. Yet no amount of legislation can lead to the full utilization of labor reserves until production schedules are related to manpower. That means building new plants in localities where there is surplus labor; it means drawing small plant capacity into production, by spreading contracts and encouraging subcontracting; it means a staff of labor inspectors going into every plant to cooperate with management-labor production committees to prevent hoarding of workers and to end wasteful methods of work; it means, above all, training workers for new jobs, doing away with discriminatory hiring practices, and insisting on orderly methods of employment through the US Employment Service.

Those who conceive of a national service act only as an authorization to freeze the status quo imagine that compulsion is a substitute for planning. Too many advocates of "freezing" are open to the suspicion that they want something for themselves and to hell with the war effort. Mr. McNutt's approach is more satisfactory. He told the Tolan committee: "In a democratic country people must be mobilized by their free will in a cooperative enterprise. This fact is not changed in the least by the passage of a National Service Act."



"We'll have to be patient with Jones. He used to be the military expert for the 'Daily Blah.'"

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JIM FARLEY'S SILENT JOHN

The life and times of Attorney General Bennett—or how to go places in a vest pocket. Barbara Giles looks at the Democratic candidate for governor of New York.

I GET tired of hearing that John J. Bennett, Jr. is such a mediocrity, why pay attention to him?—the real Democratic candidate for governor of New York is James A. Farley. Mr. Bennett's mediocrity interests me. In proportion to his other qualities it is conspicuous enough to be almost gaudy. Besides, the little man who is being carried onward and upward (he hopes) in Jim Farley's pocket is a candidate in 1942, when no candidate can be left to the cartoonists. Personally, I'd like to know more about any man who can get a smile from flint-face Pegler. I'd like, for that matter, to know more about any candidate Jim Farley chooses. Mr. Farley himself is a mediocrity on a rather grandiose scale, but he's got a vision. It centers on 1944 and the Democratic Nominating Convention, and Mr. Farley's eyes are focused on Mr. Farley holding a nice big knife labeled Majority Control. The minority would be the Rooseveltian New Dealers. But Farley and Bennett also have a vision for 1942. It is, as Pegler indiscreetly babbled, to stab Franklin D. Roosevelt *now*—in the all-decisive year of this war. (The fact that President Roosevelt has since endorsed Bennett for reasons of political expediency does not change this picture. Further comment on the President's statement appears in the editorial section on page 21.) You may be sure that Pegler did not endorse Bennett for that job because of his boyish manner and half-moon grin. He has other qualities.

Mr. Bennett is a native son of Brooklyn, and has been described by his opponents as a Dodger with a small "d" and a Democrat with a very big one. For the past twelve years he has been attorney general of New York State, with the intention of becoming governor. His friends, and Mr. Bennett himself, will tell you that is his only ambition in life—in other words, that he does *not* aspire to the Presidency. All modest John wants is to be head of the biggest state in the Union and his heart will break if he doesn't get it. His craving for the post goes far back, perhaps as far as the early 1920's. At that time John J. Bennett, Jr. was working quietly in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., as an assistant to the late E. R. Stettinius. At night he studied law and finally got a diploma from the Brooklyn Law School. It's a good thing to have in case you want to become attorney general—on the way to becoming governor—and the fact that Mr. Bennett did not really practice law was no deterrent. He was laboring diligently on other things, notably around party headquarters, where the ambitions of "loyal party men" were respected.

Only four years after his admission to the Bar, Bennett became attorney general. It didn't happen just like that, however. He had been a good boy in an energetic way for some time, campaigning for other Democratic candidates, working in religious and fraternal groups, helping to build the American Legion. Then came the break. "Silent John" was given a place on the Democratic ticket as candidate for attorney general. Bennett got the job, and has held it ever since.

Nor has he been as obscure as you might think. Judging from the news stories over the past twelve years, Attorney General Bennett's activities have consumed enough wood pulp to denude a small forest. Reading them, you get the impression that the man is a crusader not unlike his flashy-eyed Republican rival, Tom Dewey. He is constantly "securing decisions" against commercial frauds, investigating racketeers, even pulling the sheep's clothing off Wall Street wolves. It's quite impressive unless you happen to know—and it's not much of a secret—that Mr. Bennett was often not even in his office when said investigations, exposures, and decisions took place. The legal work is done by his assistants, particularly by the highly competent solicitor general, Henry Epstein. Mr. Bennett's name, however, appears in the first sentence of the news release from his office and it makes the headlines. He still refers to the Amen investigation as "my investigation in Brooklyn"—which draws a sardonic laugh from people who know that about the last thing Bennett would inquire into is political corruption in his home borough. The attorney general had no more to do with that investigation than he had to do with the Whitney and McKesson-Robbins investigations, for which he takes credit.

ANOTHER thing the news stories show is that Mr. Bennett has made quite a number of speeches at various times. Most of them, except the current ones, can be skipped. On the whole they remind me of the days when Sen. James Davis of Pennsylvania used to rise in the Senate to eulogize firemen for "fighting a never-ending war against fire." Mr. Bennett is, as far as possible, everybody's friend (everybody, that is, who wouldn't come under Martin Dies' suspicion). Only recently has he taken to mentioning Hitler and the Axis by name, instead of referring generally to "totalitarians" and "the enemy." Even that is quite a departure from his acceptance speech at the Democratic State Convention. On that occasion Bennett made a talk composed almost entirely of omissions. He was—he said—for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, the President, the solid American virtues, and more spiritual faith. And of course he was in favor of winning the war. He didn't say how—which let him out of saying practically anything.

He still doesn't say anything, although the Br'er Rabbit tactic is getting tougher. It is possible that the candidate was happier before his nomination, when Farley did all the talking. Farley could hold two press conferences a day steadily without mentioning the war except once, and then to accuse Senator Mead, Roosevelt's candidate, of being an "isolationist." Bennett was not available to the newspapermen. Mr. Farley, in his own words, had "everything under control," including his candidate, who appeared on the convention platform only when the voting was safely over. Now, however, the candidate has to speak out in public. He can't just run around to clambakes and picnics, to hear "the enthusiastic reports of party workers." Even with the speeches written for him and delivered before friendly organizations, Bennett must wonder sometimes whether these are just the days for smuggling omissions into speeches. He may even wonder whether Jim Farley is just the right campaign manager in this period of history. Mr. Farley of the wide smile and narrow eyes is better at convincing party delegates behind closed doors than at wooing a statewide electorate which expects candidates to talk about the war. Bennett's way of talking about the war is to praise patriotism and hurry on to the sort of world he would like *after* the war. When he recently said "Hitler's hordes" right out loud, it was in reference to persecutions of Jews in Poland and France. No one in the audience was impolite enough to ask about the Christian Front persecutions of Jews in Brooklyn. Some day, though, somebody might. And somebody else will remember that Attorney General Bennett has never done anything about the Christian Front in Brooklyn. It will also be remembered why: because the attorney general is a favorite son of Edward Lodge Curran, Coughlin's man in the East.

Some embarrassing things have already happened to the candidate. Before he was even nominated, someone had unearthed

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and published a New York *Times* story of Dec. 1, 1936, reporting Bennett's chairmanship of a meeting sponsored by Edward Lodge Curran to raise funds for Franco Spain. It was a mean thing to bring up against a candidate who prefers to let the subject of fascism rest with the assumption that he's against it. Then there was the American Legion attack on the Communist Party nominating petitions. On the surface, Bennett had nothing to do with that—he was absorbed in the clambakes and picnics. But everybody knows Bennett's power in the American Legion; he was State Commander for two years. And Frank Pedlow, the Legion attorney in the case against the Communist Party, spoke for Bennett's candidacy over Station WGY in Schenectady. The refined Mr. Bennett had nothing to say against his friends' lawless bulldozing of petition signers who refused to repudiate their signatures. And then Supreme Court Justice Bergan, instead of giving the attack a judicial stamp of approval, summarily dismissed the Legion case. There was nothing left but an unpleasant odor, some of it lingering around "Silent John."

LET no one, however, gamble on the notion that Bennett's record will kill him off. There isn't much in the record anyway, except his opposition to the five-cent fare and Proportional Representation. As in his early political days, he's been busy at other things. Mostly, he's been busy building up a following. James A. Farley didn't have to tell him a thing about how to do that—Bennett has been in this race for years before he knew his patron. He's made his name familiar to as many people as possible. Practically any organization can secure Mr. Bennett's consent to putting his name on their letterhead as a sponsor or honorary chairman. In turn the attorney general learns the names, particularly the first names, of other people. He likes sometimes to discover a person in the room to whom he hasn't been introduced; it gives him a chance to walk over and say bluntly, with an ingenuous smile, "What's your name?" Once he's learned it, he doesn't forget.

There's nothing new in this method, of course. It's possible, however, that Bennett has broken a record in publicity setups. He has at least two men on his staff whose work largely consists of personal publicity and campaigning on Bennett's behalf, and building his political fences throughout the state. In addition, the candidate has some bright self-promotion ideas of his own. When "Wrong Way" Corrigan arrived in New York one would have thought he was a Brooklyn boy from the way Bennett rushed out to greet him—incidentally managing to be included in the newsreel with the famous flier.

One advantage Bennett has had in his publicity for the past year is a good deal of cooperation on the part of many New York newspapers (including William Griffin's *Enquirer,* whose publisher was indicted by the special federal grand jury investigating sedition). Which may be due to the fact that the attorney general is friendly to publishers of the non-labor press. He proved it last year when he issued an injunction—written in his office by the publishers' lawyers—to break the newsdealers' union strike. However, that doesn't entirely explain why Captain Patterson of the *Daily News* and Pegler and Hearst saw a rift in the encircling gloom when Bennett won the nomination over Mead. Captain Patterson was happy because an anti-Roosevelt man had been picked who probably couldn't beat Dewey, Patterson's choice to "restore democracy" in 1944. Pegler was happy for the reasons I've already stated. Happiest of all were those delegates to the New York Democratic Convention who had booed the name of their President and Commander-in-Chief. Everybody felt fine except the hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who don't go to the polls just for the ride, particularly this year. Fortunately, they now have alternatives to Farley-Bennett and Dewey. The Communist Party has nominated Israel Amter, a win-the-war candidate if ever there were one; and the American Labor Party (once described by Bennett as "foreign") has a candidate, Dean Alfange, who is backed by the New York CIO.

If nothing but Farley's personal ambitions, or vindictiveness, were involved in the Bennett campaign, it would be bad enough. But something uglier runs underneath. There have been too many "human interest" stories written around the Roosevelt-Farley feud, in which it appears that the President did Jim wrong by running for a third term and is now getting his come-uppance at the hands of his injured friend. It's true enough that Farley is out to snatch Roosevelt's leadership of the Democratic Party. But Jim Farley does not throw hatchets around just to assuage his hurt feelings. His campaign for Bennett's nomination was forwarded by Christian Fronters, some of whom actually sat in the convention hall as delegates. It was forwarded by defeatists, of whom Pegler was only one of the most outspoken. This fact was neatly obscured by most of the press. The President himself failed to bring it into the open until shortly before the Democratic convention, and his effort then was too little and too late. Mr. Farley had "everything under control" before Senator Mead entered the campaign as Roosevelt's candidate. The control weakened some before the convention, but never enough.

PERHAPS it should be stated, before concluding an article on Bennett, that the candidate for a brief period in his career made some rather bold statements against the Axis and for aiding Russia. I set this down to avoid confusion in the record, not for the sake of "fairness." It wouldn't be unfair to omit it entirely. For whatever Mr. Bennett felt for a brief time has been lost in the shuffle since Farley stepped in. He is Farley's baby now; and if you want a further description of Farley I refer you to *Social Justice* of June 17, 1940, which carried a nearly full-page portrait of Genial Jim and a eulogy of his "virtues which helped to make America great." When Father Coughlin says it, it's so according to Hitler.

BARBARA GILES.

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TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN

By **ARNOLD MANOFF**

I SLEPT late that Sunday. When I woke up the morning was over. I lay in bed for a while just for the pleasure of not having to get out. The door was shut but I could hear the radio going in the living room. I could also hear that Ma and Alex were having an argument in the kitchen. Familiar pleasant Sunday noises, music and arguments. It was warm in the house. They always gave the most steam on Sundays. I lay there, half-awake, waiting for the first thought to come into my head and disturb my pleasure. Last night? Where was I? a dance. What happened? The usual. Pyew on going to dances. Pyew on hunting. Pyew. No more. Never again. And after the big lecture I gave Francey too. Going out again on the hunt. Pyew. Pyew on me. I'll stay home and read books. I'l get smart. The fellers'll come to me, I'll get so smart. I'll never have to go chasing again. I'll attract them with my smartness. I'll know something about everything. I'll memorize things out of books. I'll read the editorials in the New York *Times* and I'll go to the library and take out deep books and I'll read the *Reader's Digest* and I'll read articles in the magazines that the Wolfsons get. I'll get smart. I won't be a dumb dame any more. That thought was the one that made me feel I oughta be getting out of bed. The morning was gone. Time for myself was very precious these days. I should've been shot for sleeping away half of the only day that belonged to me exclusively.

I took a shower and washed my hair. Then I wrapped a towel around my head and put on the old kimono and washed my underwear and my stockings and put them on the radiator in the living room to dry. The radio kept going, music and announcements. The argument was still going too. I didn't bother to listen to the words. The noises were enough. I really didn't mind. Nice, pleasant Sunday noises.

When I came into the kitchen the argument stopped suddenly. Ma was sitting down and peeling potatoes. Alex had been dancing up and down. Now he was one foot on the floor, the other on the chair, one hand on the wall, the other on the table. A skinny octopus, all hands and feet. Every day he seemed to grow six inches taller. He was already a head taller than I was. His voice was getting deeper and he was almost ready to start shaving. I had to admit it. Slowly he was beginning to resemble a real feller. Cigarettes were starting to disappear from my pack now and then. I didn't say anything. Pretty soon he'd come out in the open by himself. Alex was an honest kid. I never felt worried that he would get into trouble. He was a stubborn, honest kid. The only thing wrong with him really was that he wanted things he couldn't have and he couldn't figure out why he shouldn't have them. He thought he was as good as any one else. Very strange. He didn't wanna know from nothing. That was all right too. Things didn't scare him as much as they scared me when I was his age. The street and the lots and the gang and ball-playing and fighting had made him into a tough kid.

"Don't mind me," I said, going over to the stove and putting up water for coffee, "I only live here."

"Look at her," Alex said. "Thinks she owns the world."

"Don't start up nothing," Ma warned him.

"Oh, let him rave," I said. "What's the difference?"

"Just because she brings home the dough." Alex kept on muttering. "I gotta stand everything and keep my yap shut. Thinks she's a big shot."

"Go get a job," I said.

"Sylvia," Ma said, "you better mind your own business. Nobody asked your advice."

"Don't think I won't get a job," Alex said. "Don't think I'm gonna sit around here and take your guff. I'm gonna get myself a job and I'm gonna buy myself a clarinet and I'm gonna blow it all day and all night. And if you don't like it, you can move out. Me and Ma'll get along without you. Just send us five bucks a week and keep your face outa my sight. That's all I ask."

"It would be a pleasure, Alex dear," I said.

"I ain't a kid no more. See?"

"See?" I imitated him. I turned to Ma. "See, Ma?" I said out of the side of my mouth. "Alex ain't a kid no more. See? He's a man. See? You gotta show him respect. See? Or he'll take out his gat and let you have it. See?"

"Aa shut up," Ma said. "Both of you. Alex, you gotta get it out of your head once and for all. I ain't signing for you working papers. You'll go to high school until you'll graduate. You gotta get a decent education."

"Nuts!" Alex said.

"No nuts," Ma said. "Study and home work and later you'll be glad."

"I don't need no education to play in a band. I need a clarinet and money for lessons. All the great artists never had no education."

"Don't be foolish," Ma said. "They had plenty education. Jascha Heifetz went to college. Mischa Elman went to college. They studied and did home work. They were good boys. They never gave their mothers trouble. Ainit true, Sylvia?"

"How should I know?"

"It's true," Ma said. "Go to hell, Sylvia; how much you help me out."

Alex bust out laughing.

"Those stiffs," he said, "with the funeral music they make. I'm talking about real artists. Benny Goodman! Artie Shaw! Pee Wee Russell! Muggsy Spainer! Dee dee da—dee dee da—dee dee dee dee da—dee dee dee deeee—da! So what are you giving me with the Heifetz and all that crap for?"

"They went to college too," Ma said. "Ainit Sylvia?"

"Who knows?" I said.

"It's true. They went at least to high school," Ma said. "I read it someplace. So you better graduate high school first. Then we'll see about clarinets. Maybe you won't even want it any more. Maybe you'll want something else."

"I want a clarinet," Alex said stubbornly. "I want it now."

"How can we buy you a clarinet?" Ma said. "With what?"

"Sign working papers for me. I'll quit school and get a job."

"There ain't no jobs for young snots like you."

"There are so," Alex said. "I can get a job tomorrow."

"Ainit true there are no jobs for him?" Ma said to me.

"I don't know," I said. "There are a lot of jobs these days for young kids his age."

"Sylvia," Ma said, "what are you trying to do to me? Ruin my life?"

"He wants a clarinet!" I said. "He wants to take lessons to play in a band! Let him go out and work for it. So he won't have an education. A lot of good my education did me."

"It's different for a girl," Ma said. "It ain't so important for a girl."

"Well, that's just too bad," I said. "But I don't happen to

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think so. Let him go to work. I can't support him with the things he wants. He'll be ten times better off than I ever was even without a high school diploma. And I don't wanna slave for his education any more. I want a few things myself."

"Did you hear that?" Alex said to Ma. "You see why I gotta go to work? She don't wanna support me anyway. Who's asking her? You see?" He starting dancing up and down. "You see!"

Ma gave me one of those long terrible looks.

"I know just how you feel, Ma," I said. "I'm sorry but I can't help it."

"So now you gotta sign the working papers," Alex said. "You ain't got no choice."

"I don't gotta sign nothing," Ma said. "Go downstairs, Alex. Go. Be a good boy."

"Are you gonna let me quit school?"

"No."

"You want I should have to run away and join the Canadian Marines? You want I should be a soldier and go over the Atlantic Ocean and get killed fighting the Nazis? You want that?" Alex said, half teasing and half serious. "If that's what you want, then just keep saying no to me."

"Right away they'll take you to fight Nazis," Ma laughed, but her face got red and the laugh wasn't a laugh.

"Look who's talking," I said. "One look at you and Hitler would announce another victory."

"Oh yeah!" Alex said, and he stopped dancing. "Don't be so smart. If the Nazis start futzin around with me, there's gonna be murder. And if you don't believe me ask Shmoogie someday what I did to a certain party that called me a Jew bastard. They might scare you and Ma with this Nazi crap but they don't scare me. So don't be so smart, because this is one Jewboy that never ran away from a fight yet. Ask Shmoogie if you think you're so smart."

"By the time you'll be old enough for a soldier," Ma said, "so it'll be all over, everything, the war, Hitler. It'll be peace. So we don't even have to talk about it. And you better not be so smart either with fighting all the time. Go downstairs."

"Are you gonna sign the working papers? I'm asking you for the last time."

"Go downstairs," Ma said wearily.

"Well, too bad," Alex said. He was teasing now in a special superior way. He was reminding us that the fighting is done by men, and he was letting us know that he too was one of them even though he was only fifteen. "Too bad," he needled Ma. "Looks like I'll have to join the Army anyway sooner or later. Looks like we're gonna have to go over there and fix those Nazis. Looks like the war is gonna last ten years. Too bad about my education, Ma. Too bad you won't let me go to work and get some fun outa life before they get me in the Army. Too bad. That's all I gotta say. Too bad."

"You know what you're talking about?" Ma said slowly. "As if you know what you're saying." But she wasn't sure of her own words. She kept looking at Alex and she didn't know whether to get mad at him or give in to the tears that she was holding back, or to feel frightened that what he said might after all be true.

"Too bad," Alex repeated, not knowing what he was really doing to Ma.

"Get out of here, you little rat!" I got in front of him and pushed him out of the kitchen. He gave me one good shove to show me that I couldn't push him around and then he went into the bathroom and slammed the door. I poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down.

"Don't think I won't get a job," Alex said. "Don't think I'm gonna sit around he ake your guff."

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"I could kill you," Ma said in a low voice.

"All right, so kill me."

"I won't sign him no papers," Ma said.

"Don't sign. So he'll start playing hookey from school."

"He won't," Ma said. "He'll get over it. He'll be a good boy."

"He won't get over it," I said. "And he won't be what you call a good boy."

"You're a liar," she said. "You're hurting me for nothing."

"I ain't hurting nobody," I said. "You're hurting yourself. You got a bug in your head that he gotta be educated. We can't keep up with the landlord, but Alex gotta be educated."

"What then? I should send him out to work, fifteen years old?"

"Terrible tragedy," I said.

"You're only thinking about yourself," Ma said. "You're a selfish thing."

"I can't support him on my salary. And you know it. He's growing up. He wants things. All he gets from us is his meals and a place to sleep. That ain't enough for a kid like him with the movies and the radio and the things he hears and sees. It ain't enough. And he don't like it. And he's right. He's gotta wear those hand-me-down clothes you get for him God knows how and where. And he don't like it. And he's right. What good is the high school diploma gonna do him if he gets his heart taken out in the meantime?"

"He's gotta get a little education," Ma said. "You don't know what it is to be ignorant like we were. I don't want my children to live a life like I lived. If I had an education I would've been a somebody in this world."

"They buy and sell educations today four for a nickel. Let him go to work. Let him learn a trade. Let him join a union and be a good union man. Maybe the war'll be over by that time. He won't have to go fight. He'll have a trade and he'll be in a union and he'll be a somebody. I only wish I could do that."

"ALL of a sudden you're belonging so proud to the working class," Ma said. "Since when?"

"When did I ever not belong to the working class?"

"The real working class you don't know about. I know. Your father he knew. We tried to do different for you."

"Yeah. Well maybe you made a mistake. Look what happened. Look at the fine job I got with all your trying. Look at the doctors and lawyers that come around to see me."

"We didn't know that there was gonna happen depressions and wars. We thought in America, so rich with everything, that such things didn't have to happen. If I knew then what would be, I would have taught you already different than I did."

"What would you have taught me?"

"I would have taught you. Don't worry."

"What?"

"What you're finding out now by yourself."

"What am I finding out?"

"That it's a struggle, struggle all your life to keep a roof over your head."

"So what are you kidding yourself with Alex?"

"I'm not kidding myself. Don't be so smart. I didn't have no education. I'll get him educated the best way I can. Only if there's no other way, then I'll give in."

"You got another way?"

"Yes. I still got another way."

"Yeah, the kitty house. Mrs. Greenstein," I said.

"Worse than that," Ma said and laughed.

"What could be worse?"

"For instance I could go to work for somebody in their house like my daughter does. I could also be a servant. I could get such a job. I could do such a thing so Alex should finish high school and be educated. And I could also find myself a nice gentleman and get married again maybe. I ain't so old yet. I could go to a beauty parlor and go out for a date. There's things I could do if I only wanna do them. I don't have to stand in the way of my daughter and be like a stone around her neck. And I don't have to send Alex, fifteen years old, out to work for the bosses before his time. So don't worry for yourself so much. I got ways yet."

"Ma," I said, "sometimes you're a scream."

"What's the matter?" she said. "You don't like it I should get a job. Or you don't like I should look to get married again?"

"You think you could take it doing somebody else's dirty work?"

"I would take it if I have to. I never thought in my whole life that I would have to do housework for somebody else. Now I see that I have to do it."

"I'm not asking you to get that kind of a job."

"Thanks very kindly. But that's all I know how to do now. I'm no good for the shops any more. They won't take me on the machines. I was asking about it."

"You mean you're really serious?"

"No," she said dryly, "I'm only joking."

"I don't know, Ma. I don't know."

"BUT I know. I know what happened to you with that Paul. I know what's going on with you now. I got to get myself and Alex off your head. And rather Alex should have to leave school I'll swallow down my last pride and go to work in a house for somebody. So what? Another few years and you'll be married. I don't care any more, rich feller, poor feller, you won't listen to me anyway. The war'll be over. Alex'll get a good job and my duty to my family will be done and I'll be able to rest. Then I'll get married myself to a nice gentleman too. I ain't so old yet."

"You got it all figured out," I said.

"I still got ways," Ma said. "As long as I live I'll make ways."

"Well all right," I said. "It's okay with me. I hope you know what you're doing. I hope it all comes out like you figure. When are you gonna start chasing the nice gentlemen?"

"I'll let you know," she said.

"Let's go out on a double-date sometimes. I would also like to meet a nice gentleman."

"You stay with the young ones," Ma said. "The war'll be over someday. You look for a young feller."

"Paul was a nice young feller."

"I never said nothing against him. And if I did so I didn't mean it. I'm not standing in your way any more. I'll take care of myself till Alex gets older. Then we'll see what next. You got it hard enough as it is. It's your own life now. I won't ask you no more questions. Make your own future with who you want. You'll bring me a cactus plant for Mother's Day every year and I'll be satisfied."

"What's come over you, Ma?"

"Just remember that I love a cactus plant."

"You with your cactus plants."

"That's right," she said. "It ain't so beautiful. It's rough to touch. But no plant got more strength for living than a cactus. Me and my cactus plants, we'll live for a long time yet."

Ma got up and dumped the potato peel into the garbage pail. I finished my coffee and smoked a cigarette while she prepared some chopped meat for frying. She turned from the washtub and looked at me and smiled.

"So? Little daughter," she said in Yiddish, "why are you so quiet?"

"If I ever have kids, Ma," I said, "I wouldn't do for them what you do for us."

"No?" Ma said, and she burst out laughing and I felt very silly.

Plain like a piece of board. With her big eyeglasses and her sad young eyes and her bunched-up tired face always looking

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like the rent, the gas, and the electric bills were always overdue. That was Ma. Sometimes she like reached down into her secret self and brought out a Ma I didn't know. A Ma who still had ways and who could still bust out laughing, a proud, independent Ma who refused to lay down and die.

But I'd never let be done to me what was done to her. I'd never let my life be locked up in secrets and dreaming in the dark about better times, and be chained to a sink and a stove, and be worn out with trying to bring up kids while worrying myself to death over the rent. They'd never push me down that far. Just to take it and keep my yap shut and find ways to get along no matter how—that wasn't enough. Ma was a kind of martyr, but who cared about martyrs except maybe on Mother's Day? It wasn't enough just to be stubborn and proud and do your best for your kids and die a martyr.

"Ma," I said, "what did you believe would happen to you when you were my age?"

"I was very dumb when I was your age. I didn't know from nothing. I believed in your father's promises."

"What did he promise you?"

"He promised me a good life without worries," she said laughing.

"Why couldn't he keep his promise?"

"Don't be a dope. He tried his best. Was it up to him how the world went? He worked hard all his life."

"So it wasn't his fault that he couldn't keep his promise."

"I don't know if it was or it wasn't. Once he had a chance to become a boss and open his own shop. He didn't do it because by that time he was already too much wrapped up with the union. So maybe it was his fault."

"Why didn't he wanna become a boss?"

"I told you. He was too deep already with the union. He didn't wanna change from one side to the other. He believed in the union. He believed it was everything and that someday the unions would grow so strong that they would get anything they wanted from the bosses. But it turned out he was wrong, because when it struck the depression lots of shops went under and the same bosses came to the union looking for work with other bosses. He didn't figure out about depressions, your father."

"Do you know what made the depression, Ma?"

"Hoover made it."

"How did he make it?"

"Go ask him. He didn't tell me," she said very annoyed. "What are you bothering me with such questions?"

"I'm trying to find out something."

"Then go ask the professors. Leave me alone. I'm a mother. That's enough. I don't have to know everything."

"So whaddya getting so mad about?" I said.

"You're looking for who to blame?" she said. "You're looking for who to hate all the time. I don't wanna hate nobody only Hitler. He's the worse from all of them. He's like the czar was with the pogroms. All my hate I save for him. In America I wasn't treated so bad after all. They didn't make no pogroms on us. I'm still thankful for it. I don't wanna hate nobody only Hitler. You were born in a land without pogroms. You don't know yet what it means. I hope you never know it."

"I ain't satisfied because there ain't no pogroms here. It's true that I'm looking for who to blame."

"So what if you'll find him?" she said. "Hitler is still in the world. Until he's dead with all his pogromniks you'll have to forget the others that do rotten things to you."

"Hitler is still over there," I said.

"He's in the world," Ma said. "He's in my world over there, and I don't want him over here. I only hope the war'll be over before Alex is old enough to be taken into the Army."

"And if the war ain't over by that time? Would you want Alex to go fight Hitler?"

Ma turned around and her face went gray. "If all the boys went to fight," she said slowly, "Alex would have to go too. I would pay back like that to the land that let me live without pogroms and gave my children education, what I never had."

"Oh, education!" I said. "My God!"

"Yes, my God!" Ma said. "My God! You can say it again. My God! You don't know what darkness is. You never knew."

"I got my own darkness," I said.

"Yes," Ma said. "And if Hitler wins in the world you'll think it was bright sunshine what you got."

"He ain't here," I said. "In the meantime I still got my problems. Maybe the Russians will do it all alone. They took back Rostov, didn't they?"

"I know," she said. "Rostov ain't Minsk. When they'll take back Minsk I'll write to Stalin a personal letter my appreciation."

"I thought you didn't like Stalin," I teased her.

"Sylvia, leave me alone already please. How can I not like him? If Alex don't have to go to war who will I have to thank for it. Stalin. Who would have dreamed it that I would look to be thankful to Stalin, the Communist. It's a good thing your father is dead, believe me. He and the Communists. You know how he liked them, even worse than the bosses."

"Why?"

"Why? Why? Just like a baby. Go get dressed already. If I knew all the whys I wouldn't be Rose Singer, a dumb dummy. I'd be a somebody, a Financial Secretary even in the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Workman Circle the same as your father was in the Men's Branch. Go get dressed."

THAT same Sunday toward evening, I was sitting alone in the living room and listening to the radio when the music was interrupted for a special announcement. I listened and when I was sure that I could believe my ears I couldn't stay alone in the house for another second. I had to see someone. I had to know if it was really true what I heard on the radio, if it was really really true. I ran down to Charlie's. On the block I passed a man coming out of the doorway. He seemed to be looking for someone and he seemed sort of puzzled and angry. He turned around and followed me down to the corner and I saw other people beginning to gather, all looking for someone and all with the same half puzzled, angry faces. I found myself talking to some woman I didn't even know.

Myself being mad was nothing. It was everybody mad that made it so important. It was so many people being hating mad, all at the same time. Yes. And not at each other. I saw the terrible anger in the faces of people in the streets, and I heard it in their voices and over the radio and read it in the newspapers, and I said, amen, amen, me too, belonging, yes, belonging, me Sylvia Singer with her personal problems and her dark hates, saying amen, amen to the words of even the big politicians from Congress. Pearl Harbor. Yeah.

That week Hitler himself declared war on us and at last it became clear to me how this Axis worked. I learned more about the world in that one week than in all the books I ever read and all the speeches I ever heard. I learned that there was no personal future for me without a decent future for everybody. The world was that small. The war was that big! The murderers had plans for everybody in the whole world. There was no choice left.

That was what I learned that week. The future was either them or us. There was no room in the world for both. The world was that small. The war was that big. In the hands of the fighters was everything that mattered.

I wrote a letter to Paul in the Army. I wrote him that my telegram from heaven had finally arrived, signed Hitler. To draw his own conclusions if he was still interested.

ARNOLD MANOFF.

(The above is an e... from Mr. Manoff's novel "Telegram from Heave... published by the Dial Press.)

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Editors

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RUTH McKENNEY — JOSEPH STAROBIN — *Business Manager* — CARL BRISTEL
BARBARA GILES — JOHN STUART — *Promotion and Circulation* — HERBERT GOLDFRANK

Stalin's Letter

WHEN a statesman avoids the diplomatic obliquities and speaks publicly and to the point about matters that affect the fate of millions, the whole moral tone of the world gets a lift. Stalin's letter to Henry C. Cassidy of the Associated Press, however it may irritate the double-talkers in Whitehall and the State Department, will strike the man in the street as the straightest kind of shooting. What the Soviet Premier has said with admirable economy of words is that the opening of a second front is of first-rate importance for winning the war; that compared to the aid Russia has given the Allies, their aid to Russia has been relatively ineffective; that this aid can be amplified only if the Allies "fulfill their obligations fully and on time"; and that come what may, Soviet resistance is a match for the Axis drive for world domination.

Stalin's letter shows that the elaborate attempts to justify the refusal to launch an offensive in western Europe this year have failed to satisfy those who have had the greatest experience with the German army and have made the greatest contributions to a United Nations victory. And his letter comes at a time when similar dissatisfaction is spreading among the British and American public, reaching even into conservative circles, as attested by Wendell Willkie's Moscow statement and the London *Times'* recent editorial on the second front. Thus the crisis of Allied strategy, which Joseph Starobin discusses on page 3, is disturbing the relations among the leading Allied powers and creating opportunities for fifth columnists and appeasers to promote national disunity in Britain and here.

When the New York *Times,* commenting on Stalin's letter, says flatly that "as to the second front, there was no definite promise for this year, as Mr. Stalin knows," it can speak neither for Stalin nor for the millions in our country and in all the United Nations, who understood the Molotov agreement not as a lawyer's brief, but as a clear public pledge to open a second front in 1942. The issue is not merely one of obligations to Russia, but of obligations to ourselves. A pledge was made to the peoples of the world. Speedy fulfillment of that pledge is the only way to safeguard the existence of Britain and the United States and to free Europe from the yoke of Nazism. When Hearst's *Journal-American,* one of Goebbels' favorite newspapers, tells us that Willkie "talks with the same voice as Browder —Moscow's voice," it is clear on which side of the second-front issue true patriotism and true statesmanship lie.

Good Beginnings

THE high cost of living, that uninvited guest in millions of American homes, is about to be put in its place. Congress has passed a law, President Roosevelt has issued an executive order, the people have won a victory. The victory is political as well as economic. The unholy cabal of defeatists and arch-reactionaries misnamed the farm bloc were set back on their heels after they had attempted to pass legislation that would have added $3,500,000,000 to the nation's annual food bill. Though face-saving phrases were written into the new law, the fact remains that it vests authority in the President to determine what shall constitute parity and to take whatever steps he sees fit to stabilize the various factors in the cost of living in order to aid the prosecution of the war. In the controversy over farm prices the President's offensive tactics, backed by the people, have been brilliantly vindicated.

Mr. Roosevelt's executive order adopts that broad and comprehensive approach which the situation requires. The order provides for the control of "civilian purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits, rationing, subsidies and all related matters." The new Economic Stabilization Director, James F. Byrnes, who has resigned from the Supreme Court, is to formulate policy with the advice of an Economic Stabilization Board, but his acts must have the approval of the President. Under the executive order the prices of previously uncontrolled farm commodities, including such staples as chickens, eggs, cheese, butter, potatoes, and flour, are fixed at about the September 15 levels, while rent ceilings, hitherto confined to war production areas, are being extended to the entire country at March 1 levels. The wage and salary stabilization policy announced in the executive order rejects the wage-freezing scheme so dear to the tory and defeatist heart, and instead widens the authority of the War Labor Board to develop the flexible approach it has pursued for months.

Much depends on how the various agencies entrusted with the stabilization of living costs function. Rationing, for example, is a key to stabilization hardly less important than price control, yet thus far rationing has been characterized by timidity and lack of planning. A case in point is the meat shortage; supplies of meat available for the consumer have been cut twenty percent, but instead of assuring an equitable distribution of these supplies through rationing, reliance is placed on exhortation.

The new stabilization law and the executive order concern themselves with the *consumption* phase of our economy. Important as these measures are, they cannot substitute for *over-all planning and centralized control* of our entire war economy. Only such planning can eliminate the inefficiency and disorganization that seriously hamper war production. This should be the next step in Washington.

Battle of New York

IN many ways the New York gubernatorial campaign is a mirror of the problems confronting voters all over the country. There are four candidates, two of them formally nominated by the largest political parties and accorded more attention by the big-time press than is given the other two candidates put together. The result may be to convince many voters that the only real contest is between Attorney General Bennett, Democrat, and Tom Dewey, Republican—and the only real question, which of these two will make a better governor of New York? From this "issue" arise a number of minor questions, ranging down to the lowest level of debate over the comparative vote-getting merits of Mr. Dewey's glamour and Mr. Bennett's smile.

There *is* an issue in this campaign, however, and a great many voters are perfectly aware of it. It's the root issue of every campaign: the winning of the war. And the two other candidates, Israel Amter, Communist, and Dean Alfange, American Laborite, have had quite a lot to say about that, whereas Bennett and Dewey have talked around and around it. Amter and the party he represents have easily been the most forthright, outspoken, and consistent in support of a second front, the President's seven-point economic program, and coordinated planning for victory. For this reason we prefer Amter to Alfange, who has been less clear and certainly less militant on basic points of the main issue.

However, a vote for either Amter or Alfange is plainly a win-the-war-vote—as well as a vote against the Democratic and Republican candidates. Which means a vote against Farley and Hoover forces in the two major parties. The convention of the New York City CIO Council made this plain last week in its endorsement of Alfange—a convention at

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which Amter was also given an ovation, with some CIO leaders expressing the hope that the ALP candidate would emulate the Communist Party's nominee in forthrightness on war issues. The New York Port local of the National Maritime Union has recommended voting for either Alfange or Amter.

Under the circumstances, we regard President Roosevelt's endorsement of Bennett as an error. Bennett, as the article by Barbara Giles on page 14 of this issue makes plain, is being used by Jim Farley and some of the worst defeatist elements in this country (including the Christian Front) to take the Democratic Party leadership away from President Roosevelt and the New Deal, pro-victory Democrats behind the President. The only explanation for FDR's action is the fear of losing New York to the Republicans, and the possible reaction in other parts of the country. It's hard to see how this has any real importance beside the necessities of 1942—the necessities of the war, of defeating Farleyism itself. The President himself has urged support of candidates, "regardless of party" who "will back up their government." A Farley protege, obviously, does not come under that description.

The President Takes a Trip

RETURNING from an 8,754-mile tour through production centers in twenty-four states, President Roosevelt gave the nation a refreshing report on the state of the Union. Production, he said, was about ninety-four to ninety-five per cent of the goal he had set; the people have a fine morale and plenty of war spirit; more and more women are taking their place in war industries; and labor-management relations are excellent. It's good to hear this from the President—and since his words are "must" news, it is especially good that his summary of conditions was printed in all the newspapers, including many which have tried to give a hopeless picture of morale. Actually the President found a spirit among the people he saw which he frankly compared with the reluctance and defeatism of Congress, certain sections of the press and radio, and even some administration officials.

Naturally some congressional anti-Roosevelt wasted no time in accusing the President of touring the country for the sake of political propaganda before the elections. These accusations, we think, can be dismissed with a question: how can a trip that includes only three speeches, and those non-political—a trip, moreover, conducted under press censorship—serve any political purpose? Nor do we agree with the newspapermen's complaints about the censorship imposed on press and radio. It seems to us that in time of war the Commander-in-Chief's own judgment as to the desirability of censorship in such cases should prevail.

It strikes us, however, that President Roosevelt has given a picture of production which is rather optimistic. Only two days before the President made his report, Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board, announced that August production was fourteen percent below forecasts and that "unprecedented efforts" would be required to meet 1942 objectives. However healthy the conditions in factories which the President visited, the fact is that an over-all perspective and plan for production is still lacking in Washington—and still essential for victory.

The fact that the President found a "war spirit" among the people is not surprising. It is a spirit, not always reported in most of the press, which has expressed itself in demands for an offensive, for a second front. In other words: the people are rarin' to go. What remains now is the most important thing of all: to translate their spirit into military action on the waiting battlefields of Europe.

Clean Up the State Department

"I CHARGE that powerful appeasement forces in the State Department in Washington are deliberately withholding 1,000,000 of the most effective soldiers in Asia. . . . I charge that it is on the advice of reactionary officials in the State Department that Chiang Kai-shek is keeping his best armies out of the war . . . engaged not in fighting the Japanese but in blockading the Chinese Eighth Route Army in the north and northwest, and hampering that army in its fight against the Japanese. . . ."

This was Earl Browder speaking at a dedication to the services meeting of the Young Communist League of New York on October 2, a speech reprinted in *The Worker* for October 4. In so doing, Browder not only discloses a shocking state of affairs within China, but turns the spotlight on what has long been one of the most ulcerous areas of the war effort—the State Department.

News of the situation within China recalls the massacre of a good part of the New Fourth Army in the winter of 1940-41, inspired by a reactionary clique within Chungking under the leadership of General Ho Ying-chin of the Chinese General Staff. It is doubly serious because the Eighth Route Army has been such an inspiration for all China, because the area which it controls is of exceptional strategic importance for the defense of western China and as a flank on the Japanese armies ranged along the borders of the Outer-Mongolian Peoples' Republic, friendly to the USSR. Browder's long experience in China, his long-time championship of Chinese-American collaboration, makes his charge one that cannot go unanswered in Washington. It must not go undiscussed in the press. It can hardly be ignored by Wendell Willkie, now in Chungking studying the course of the war from the viewpoint of "the common man."

Discussing the State Department, Browder includes it within a whole segment of forces and influences that are blocking the full development of the war. It is the Munich influence, he says. It "is not among the people, and does not proceed from our Commander-in-Chief; it is entrenched in some high officials of the State Department, some members of the Cabinet, in a disorganized Congress dominated by a clique of Vandenbergs, Wheelers, Brooks', and Dies'; several powerful industrialists, and above all, in the newspapers of Patterson, McCormick, Hearst, and Roy Howard, which poison the mind of the country with defeatism day after day. . . ."

One of the clearest examples of just how the cabal in the State Department carries forward its work, influencing the government generally, was revealed in a sensational article by the Washington correspondent I. F. Stone, in *PM* for September 28. Mr. Stone disclosed that for more than a year following the presidential order to ship aviation gasoline plants to the USSR, and the sharing of formulae for the manufacture of such gasoline as well as certain types of rubber synthetics, no action had been taken. Various officials had been passing the buck around among themselves; ineptitude in Secretary Ickes' office, cunning design in Adolf Berle, Jr.'s office, and stubborn anti-Sovietism among Standard Oil of New Jersey officials—all playing a part to keep this elementary form of aid to the Soviet Union from reaching that country. Mr. Stone's article produced rapid action within a day, at least on some aspects of the President's order. The expose was not only a milestone in American journalism, but it once again uncovered a streak of downright treachery not only to the USSR, but to our own country, which should give every decent citizen cause for alarm.

A clean-up in the State Department is long overdue. One of the gossip columnists the other day quoted an alleged quip of the President's to the effect that the State Department was thus far "neutral" in the war. Neutrality of this kind is like neutrality anywhere today—definite assistance to the enemy. It is time to get tough with whosoever in the State Department is blocking the opening out of the war.

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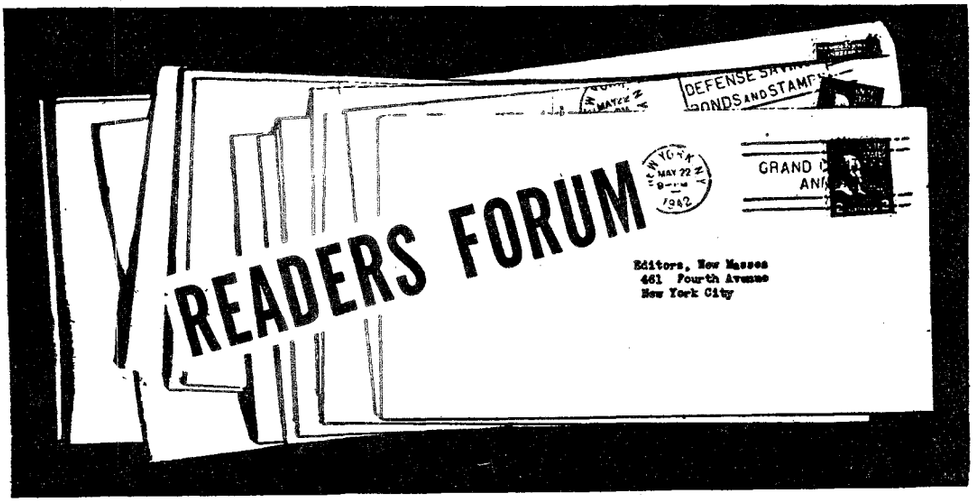

Young Women in Wartime

To New Masses: Last Saturday night I was walking along a Brooklyn main street, thinking about how different everything was since last year. It wasn't only the dimout, the fewer cars, the women with painted stockings. It was the service flags in windows, the groups of young girls walking without men, and the fact that whenever I saw a young man I involuntarily asked myself whether he was in 4F, working in a defense plant, or supporting dependents. I thought of the letter I had received that morning from a friend in the air corps, saying that I wouldn't hear from him for a while. Yes, it was true that my "social life," even in the vicarious form of letters, just wasn't.

Although I was never the Queen of the Ball in high school or college, for the past seven of my twenty-one years I've had a social life. It consisted not only of college dances, going to the "best places," but of working and talking with boys, seeing them not only on Saturday nights but on Monday afternoons. The same is true for most of my girl friends. We've always been interested in politics and world affairs, not merely in "getting a man." Of course we want to get married and have children, but there's more to life than that. We also want to shape careers for ourselves, to learn about what's going on, and we found out while we're young that to learn about the world means to work to change it.

The world now is working overtime in its changes, and we're working overtime to further these changes. We feel that this people's war is a great opportunity. And the fact that we have this feeling of participation in a great struggle for liberation makes us forget about the absence of social life. It's like forgetting about meals when you're working hard at something.

Those of my friends who are still at college are working harder, accelerating their studies for war work; others of us are working in war factories and some have joined the women's auxiliaries. We know that there's a lot of work to be done. We're trying to put first things first, and that means winning the war—and winning the war means going without dates.

But what about the rest of my friends, those who never felt as I did, people who'd settle for an early marriage, two children, and a nice apartment where they could have "the girls" over for bridge on an afternoon? How are they facing these changes? These are the girls who admitted that the pre-war world was not the best of all possible worlds, but they left it to straighten things out for itself. They see the result now. Not only do some have to give up school and go to work because their brothers are in the army, not only do they have to do without things like stockings and cars, but they have to do without men.

I've talked with and thought about these girls, trying to find out how they feel. Those who are still keeping up their dates have, in the main, changed the glamour of a Harvard man for the glamour of a US ensign. But they know that the ensigns are more migratory than the Harvard men were, even if they're "lucky" enough to be stationed in the country. Some of these girls think that the world is going to pot, so eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow, thank God, we die. Some feel as though they've been cheated, they should have gotten married when they had a chance, since they'd prefer to be young widows rather than old maids. When I asked one girl about a Western Front, she said, "I guess it is the only way to win the war, but it's going to mean that more of our boys will be killed or crippled. I suppose if we don't open it now, more will die later, but still . . . maybe it's being selfish, but what the hell, I like living men, not dead bodies." Of course, a lot of them are thinking about what's happening in the world now, but somehow they don't connect it with their personal lives, rather, they try not to connect it with their personal lives. The world has suddenly become a terrific problem for them, and deep down, they want to climb back into their little holes in the old pre-war comfortable way of things. They don't see that the old life is gone for good. It is as though they're losing their balance, losing their grip on things. Most of them are afraid, terribly afraid of what's ahead.

My own friends, who have always been sensitive to social problems, don't see anything ridiculous in these girls clutching so desperately at the little tokens that mean so much to them and are all that is left of their former life. No, it's neither ridiculous nor childish. We understand them and have tried to tell them how we feel. We don't imagine ourselves as some sort of sexless Amazons, nor do we consider ourselves selfless martyrs. We have our problems, problems of sexual adjustment, problems of living with our folks who are very eager to see us married now. We know that a lot of men, even our friends, will die or be crippled, and we know that women have to make sacrifices too, when their husbands or sweethearts come back crippled or don't come back at all. But we go beyond this passive acceptance of the dead and maimed; it is precisely because we want less men to die and be crippled in the future that we are working so hard now.

Frankly, we think we're pretty lucky to be able to recognize and work for what we want. And although we don't know the exact form our social relations will take in the immediate postwar years if the United Nations win, we know what it will be like if Hitlerism wins. Lillian Halper.

Brooklyn.

Unneutral Spain

To New Masses: You know, when I read the President's statement at his press conference about restoring Spain's cultural heritage, which had been partly destroyed in the "civil war," I thought of Jarama and Quinto and Belchite. I thought of Alcaniz and Teruel and the place we used to call "The North Pole." I thought of Gandesa and the Ebro.

At every one of these places, which will live in the memory of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion—as long as we will live—we lost our comrades to the superior numbers of the fascist enemy; to the automatic electric batteries the Italians had; to the German Junkers bombers and the Messerschmitt strafing planes.

Holy God, I thought, what is going on? Is there anybody in Washington who believes for one instant that it was something *other* than fascism we were fighting in Spain? Is there anyone who actually *believes* Franco is not what he himself declared he was—a fascist? Is there anyone who believes that oil sent to Franco will *not* get to Hitler (though it need not get to Hitler to provision our enemies, since Franco, himself, is our enemy)? Is there anyone who believes private contributions to "rehabilitate" Spain's cultural treasures will go any other place than into the well lined pockets of the *Falange Espanola*?

I think of Madrid (which I saw) and ask, "Who destroyed Spain's cultural heritage?" Not the Spanish republic, whose *milicianos de cultura* sweated to get priceless art treasures into safe *refugios* the way other soldiers sweated at the front. I think of Guernica and the deliberate bombing of the Prado and ask, "Who did all this?" Must echo answer?

When soldiers in orientation courses in our Army are told that Spain was used by Hitler and Mussolini to try out their tactics and their weapons for the war we're fighting now, they must wonder what in hell is to be gained by trying to "keep neutral" a regime that has been anything but neutral toward democracy.

I wish that everybody who spent a dime he could not afford to help the Spanish people would now write the State Department and say, "Gentlemen: Spain was a democracy we fought to save from the same enemy who faces us now. The best way to help those people is to declare war on their enemy and ours—Franco; to send them arms by secret channels; to call on them when the second front is opened to rise against the traitor and his gang." Then perhaps the Spanish and American dead—yes, and the Greek and British and French and German and Italian anti-fascist dead—will sleep more soundly at Jarama, at Belchite, in the Aragon, and on the Ebro.

A Veteran of the Lincoln Battalion.

San Francisco.

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LETTER TO A CHINESE GUERRILLA

An Indian novelist speaks to the wife of a poet who lost his life fighting the Japanese behind their lines. "Rather be broken jade than be a finished tile."

The following was broadcast recently over the Eastern transmission of the British Broadcasting Co. It is addressed to the wife of Shelley Wang, the brilliant Chinese poet, essayist, and scholar, who met his death while fighting in Japanese-occupied territory. Shelley Wang, who was born in 1899, was actively associated with Chinese writers' organizations devoted to the new "literature of national defense." The author of this broadcast, Mulk Raj Anand, was born in Peshawar in 1906. He came to England in 1925 to study philosophy and began to write stories and novels in English about ten years ago. He is the author of "The Untouchable," "The Coolie," and other novels.

DEAR Madame Shelley Wang, I don't know where you are. Someone, I think it was our common friend Liem, told me that after your husband was killed while he was leading an anti-Japanese squad of writers in occupied territory you settled down as a guerrilla fighter near Shanghai.

It is some years since we were together at the writers' congress in Paris, and at the Brussels Peace Conference, and I lost touch with you in London on my return from Spain, as I hurried off to India. You will wonder, therefore, why I suddenly write to you now. But ever since I heard of Shelley Wang's death I have been meaning to send you my condolences.

As I come to write this letter, however, I am not so sure that you would want my sympathy. For both you and your husband deliberately went out to Japanese occupied territory to do propaganda work against Japan and to write a collective novel of life in that war-swept country. And when Shelley Wang fell to a Japanese bullet he died a hero's death, thus earning the only immortality which is worth winning in this world, a place in the memory of all those he left behind. Therefore, I am not so sure that you wouldn't want me to offer you my congratulations rather than my condolences. When I think of you, a seemingly frail, doll-like woman, who suffered poverty and exile with your husband with unselfish devotion, translating Dickens and Balzac into Chinese at a pay lower than that even of a coolie, in order to make both ends meet, and when I think of your pride, I am convinced that though it would make you weep involuntarily to think of him who was your husband and my friend, you would avert your head, shed your tears, and return to smile your ever surprised smile.

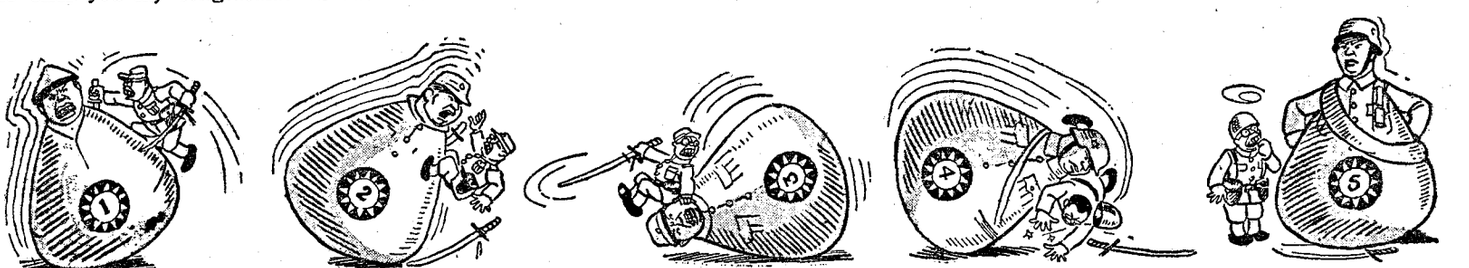
Nor would that proud Shelley want me to be sad at his death, who, when he hadn't a penny in the world, could make poetry out of his penury. Do you remember the poem which he wrote in 1937, called "Advising Mice":

In these thin days I am living in a room,
Bedroom, study and kitchen in one.
My books rise in walls around me, but my
furniture is not lavish
Let me sleep well, dear mice, in the long night.
Can you too not be satisfied with books,
Fragrant with labor and sleep and delight in
food?

No, I shall keep awake through the long night
to hear your pattering company;
Although I salute your hunger, do not, I beg
you,
eat my books, they are not palatable;
Were they so, I myself would have devoured
them long ago.
How can I satisfy my life with writing, and
selling according to the number of words?

No, I can't imagine the author of that extraordinary comment upon our civilization wishing us to mourn his death. Shelley Wang was one of the bravest men I have met; he was a hero, a new man. Some people, particularly in Europe, may not like my use of this word to describe a poet and a writer so sensitive and detached as Shelley Wang. You see, cynicism and a kind of polite skepticism have been so characteristic a feature of the European climate since the betrayals of the last war, that any kind of heroism is rightly suspect. But Shelley was no ordinary kind of hero: he won no medal. He was a writer and, since writers are not particularly heroic people, he remains one of the many unhonored, unsung heroes of the world. His triumphs consisted in his understanding of the inner significance of the multifarious struggles of our time, which are part of the main struggle in which the world is involved, with a deeper awareness than those of most people; his heroism was akin to the heroism of the people of China who believe in building a new life in their country, and who have been fighting to preserve decency and human values; his heroism lay in blazing a trail with you and the other intellectuals of China, where others may follow. He was one of the heroes who lived in enemy-occupied country, organizing thousands of students and men as partisans and guerrillas, who harassed the Japanese sentries, put on the uniforms of Japanese gendarmes, stormed prisons and released political prisoners, and even collected taxes in Japanese occupied ports.

I CAN understand the heroism of Shelley Wang and his contemporaries because I too come from a country which, like China, has been living in a kind of heroic age. For we too have believed in creating a new India, we too have been part of a vast cultural awakening which witnessed not only the blinding spectacle of a great renaissance of the spirit, but the education of the people through mass literary campaigns, the training of men in the art of physical defense against oppression and aggression. When, for instance, the Indian writers recently resolved to form themselves into anti-Japanese propaganda squads to tell the peoples by word of mouth or through the newspaper of Japan's intentions with regard to India, they were witnessing to the same heroic spirit as possessed you and our brother writers in China.



Strube in the British press

"And still they can't put him down."

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Shelley Wang said once "We Chinese have learned from our history how our ancestors shed blood for the country, when it was conquered by the Mongols and by Manchus, and how they shed blood to overthrow the Yuan Dynasty in the fourteenth century and the Chin Dynasty in 1911. We, the Chinese people, know resisting is the only way out. 'Rather be broken jade than be a finished tile.'" And I understood why he wanted to fight against Japan. How openly the barons of Japan have thrown dust into the eyes of the world and their own people! Can such a monstrous fabrication offer any solace to the human soul even if it bludgeon men into becoming good patriots and faithful subjects? Is there anyone who does not know that this love of country *cum* loyalty to the Ruling House is deliberately cultivated to hold in check the poor peasants shorn of land and the factory workers, whole families of whom are kept as slaves from generation to generation? Or else what is the meaning of the Peace Preservation Law, which came into effect in 1925 and of which the first article says: "That those who have organized an association or fraternity with the object of altering the national constitution, or of repudiating the private property system, or those who have joined such an organization with the full knowledge of its object, are to be punished with penalty, ranging from death to penal servitude of over five years." Does not this Draconian severity betray the fear of a cleavage in Japan?

You and Shelley had no illusions about the defects of the old Confucian morality either. Neither you nor I had much patience with those in our respective countries in whose arteries the blood stream seemed to be congealed or seemed to be running slow, whose pulse was faint and who yet kept a hungry grip on our young lives. We were on the side of history. This was not because, as some Europeans said, we were half-baked modernists going through the chaos of adolescence and crying for the moon, but because we had seen in the darkened classroom of the life about us the clear lessons of history and the lessons of time. We knew the philosophy of those who have been saying to us:

Whatever happens
We have got
The Maxim gun
And you have not!

We wanted, more than anything else, unity in our respective countries; and we well understood the reasons of our moral and material frustration; we were anxious to abolish foot-binding in your country and early marriage in mine; we wanted a reformed education and we were essaying cultural and literary revaluations; we believed in the sovereignty of our respective peoples; and above all, we knew those who regarded our modern impulses as "dangerous thoughts." Do you remember that clipping you gave me of a press interview by the head of the Student Bureau of the Department of Education in Tokyo, which ran: "So called 'dangerous thoughts' admit of various definitions. A general definition would be the present unrest exhibited by the student mind of the nation, etc. . . ." I remember how we laughed over this and the various articles of the Nazi creed which we used to discuss together: the State is absolute, man is "a part of zoology," the ultimate ideal being race and blood and Fichte's *Herrenvolk* . . . Now, it is no laughing matter. Your chief enemy Japan has also become our enemy too. And the Nazis, the fascist and militant hordes are sweeping across country after country, while the defenses of those who stand for human values are as yet inadequate.

ONLY I am certain that these destroyers cannot build merely on destruction, for nothing can be built on murder and more murder and yet more murder. I know that as certainly as you do, because we know that once the mind of the oppressed is free it can never be conquered. And if anyone ever needed confirmation of how unconquerable the human mind is, the corner of Japanese-occupied China where you are now will supply it—as also every patch of the vast territories of Soviet Russia overrun by the *Wehrmacht* where guerrillas carry on their unspectacular and silent but heroic struggle against the aggressor. I am not unmindful of the fact that guerrillas alone, whether in China, or Russia, or in India, cannot carry out a giant offensive against the enemy or completely destroy his military power. But apart from the practical work of cutting communications and harassing the enemy, they supply inspiration and faith which the complacent need, that there can be new men in the world, free and disinterested and strong and with deep understanding of the causes of great disasters, and therefore with the ability to overcome them and take the corners of history.

Such a man was Shelley Wang, who sang defiance to the fascist eagles:

After the autumn showers have washed the far hills,
Wisps of thin mist float low like scarves of lawn.
Where the tall trees rise up to the clean washed sky,
As though to pierce it, a flustering eagle is borne
High in the damp air; he spreads wide his wings;
Wind whistles through his angry claws and sings;
"Lank firs are high too, and the world is wide:
You little thing, you will fall in your pride."

Let me congratulate you on the passing of a man who has left us such gifts of faith and courage.

MULK RAJ ANAND.

WORK IN PROGRESS

What Germany's exiled writers are doing. New themes.

LITERATURE in exile never has been a homogeneous organism. The attitudes of exiled writers have been as varied as the reasons of exile. Almost all the trends and counter-trends characterizing the development of the literatures in the non-fascist countries were also to be found in the literatures of emigration. For quite a few years there were exiled writers who continued to write in their old fashion, ignoring in their writing the events and forces that had driven them out of their countries. It is true that an increasing number of the literati in exile took part in the fight against fascism, but still there were authors who emigrated with their ivory towers.

With the widening of the second world war, exiled writers were confronted with the same problems which face their non-exiled colleagues today. How have they tried to answer the question: "What is the writer's position in this war"?

There are still some exiled writers who deem it possible or even necessary to ignore war entirely in their production. The most outstanding example of this kind is Franz Werfel. His two latest books, *A Light Blue Woman's Handwriting* and *The Song of Bernadette,* have nothing whatsoever to do with our time; they are consciously written as "escape literature." The part Werfel takes in the matters of today is strictly unliterary. It is expressed in his participation in one of the Austrian emigre groups—the one which is under the leadership of the monarchistic member of the former Schuschnigg government which killed democracy in Austria and eased the way for Hitler's attack. Still this group is anti-Hitler, and Werfel's participation in its activity differentiates him from a man like Maurois, who has skillfully avoided any gesture against Hitler's Vichy government and its deeds, including the promotion of racial laws *a la* Nuremberg. And Mr. Maurois' Lavalian "non-belligerency" is still different from the open treason of a man like Gustav Regler, whose latest "work" is a pamphlet full of attacks against the anti-fascist exiles in Mexico who are fighting the Nazi fifth column in South America.

MOST of the exiled writers have come to the Western Hemisphere via France, where they lived through the catastrophe of 1940. The theme of "France" still obsesses many of them. This theme ranges from the sensationalist description of personal sufferings and adventures to the analysis of why France fell and the attempt to convey useful experiences which can be employed as weapons in the fight against Hitler. First there was Hans Habe's sensational report about his ad-

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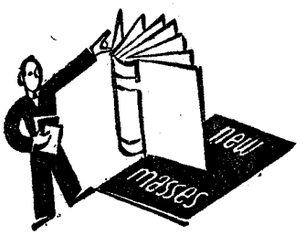
ventures at the time of France's downfall. Then came Arthur Koestler's melodramatic and, in part, hatefully distorted book about his experiences in Camp Vernet and in wartime Paris. Then Lion Feuchtwanger published his impassioned and moving story of the bureaucratic *"Devil in France."* Finally we had Vladimir Pozner's excellent war novel, *Edge of the Sword."*

But still other books are coming. Hans Marchwitza is completing a novelized report of a refugee Odyssey in the France of 1939-40. Here the France of the small people—peasants, craftsmen, workers, townsfolk from the provinces comes into the foreground. The book provides good clues for guessing the future attitude of the common folk in France in the event of an invasion by a second front army. Bruno Frei is now preparing a book for publication in Mexico, about the worst of the French concentration camps—Le Vernet. In this book the sufferings and the individual sorrows and adventures are only the background for the story of human endurance and fortitude shown by the prisoners of Le Vernet as a collective. Lion Feuchtwanger has written the introduction to this book. The French war diary of Heinrich Mann conveys with utmost sincerity the internal struggle of the author, cut off in a small southern French town during the early stages of the war. It, too, will be published in Mexico by the new publishing house of the German exiled writers, *Das Freie Buch*—The Free Book. Anna Seghers, whose novel *The Seventh Cross* (dealing with events in a German concentration camp *before* the war) is a Book-of-the-Month selection for October, is busy on a novel about life in unoccupied France seen from the viewpoint of a refugee.

THE war itself has only begun to appear in the works of exiled writers. Many of them, of course, are devoting a good deal of their work to articles, show pieces, radio stories dealing with the fight against Hitler—and taking an active part in it. But strange as it may seem, the best among the exiled writers have too few opportunities to use their art as a weapon against Hitler. Short wave radio program for Europe still conspicuously avoid using the talents and experiences of the best representatives of anti-fascist literature. In many cases third-rate people and even worse, people whose record as anti-fascists is more than poor, are doing the propaganda work. To name only one: Mr. Emil Ludwig, one of the most disgusting nationalistic drummers in World War I, and up to 1938 an ardent admirer of Mussolini, now joins the Vansittarts, demanding a partition of Germany and foreign government for the Germans after the war. In declaring that all Germans are Nazis Mr. Ludwig provides ample stuff for the Goebbels propaganda which tries to unite the German people through fear and pressure.

Still there are many excellent short stories, articles, poems, and sketches by Heinrich Mann, Anna Seghers, Voskovec Werich



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Ludwig Renn, Aladar Tamas, Egon Hostovsky, Adolf Hoffmeister, Julian Tuwim and others—devoted to the war effort of the United Nations.

The underground war against the Nazis and their Quislings and the sufferings of the occupied countries are likely to be a major theme of exiled literature. *Das Freie Buch* in Mexico, which I have already mentioned, is preparing an anthology of exiled writers dealing with the Nazi terror in occupied Europe. After F. C. Weiskopf's novel of the underground warfare in Slovakia, *Dawn Breaks,* another Czechoslovakian writer, Egon Hostovsky, deals with exile and the underground in his forthcoming novel *Seven Times in the Main Part.* Still another Czechoslovakian writer, working under a pseudonym, is announced by the publishing house of A. Ungar, New York, as author of a short novel, *They Hit the Hangman,* about the village of Lidice destroyed by the Nazis. Stefan Heym is finishing a novel about hostages in Prague; this novel will be published by Putnam's and filmed by Universal. Julian Tuwim, noted Polish poet, is working on a long poem about the sufferings and the resistance of the Polish people under Nazi occupation. Heinrich Mann has just completed a work—half novel and half pamphlet—about that already famous Czech village of Lidice. The Czech writer Adolf Hoffmeister is working on a play with Lidice as the theme. Bertold Brecht is at work on a volume of ballads dealing with the war and Hitler Germany. A few of these ballads were published by the anti-Nazi monthly *Freies Deutschland* in Mexico. A young Polish writer, Sydor Rey, has written a novelette about Polish resistance, *Four Women and One Grave-Digger,* and the Greek poet Pantelis Prevelakis is working on a sequel to his *Chronicle of a Town* showing the life of a Greek town under the heel of foreign occupation troops.

AND what of the outlook for a revolt in Germany proper? How about the underground in Germany? The exiled writers try to tackle this subject too. When the "Tribune," an association of anti-Nazi writers in New York, arranged a contest for the best stories, a young German worker named Fritz Zorn who escaped from Germany in 1938, won the first prize with a novelette about life in a German camp: *The Fall Into the Light.* Zorn is working now on a novel about a German labor camp and the underground work done by two workers and their women in a small town in southern Germany. The title will be *Between Night and Day.*

The historical theme still occupies a number of exiled writers. In the case of Alfred Doeblin and Heinrich Mann, history is dealt with in such a way that the roots of Nazism are made clear. Mann chose Frederick the Great and his Prussianism as the theme for his newest book, and Doeblin's novel, *Karl and Rosa,* deals with Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and their assassination.

Quite a few exiled writers have turned to biographies of famous contemporaries. Walter

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Mehring's book about Marshal Timoshenko has recently been published and Andre Simone announces a book on "Stalin, the Man Who Stopped Hitler."

Individual adventures in the emigration—which were in vogue some time ago—have almost vanished from the literary scene, a lonely exception being Hermann Kesten's long story "Colonel Kock"—the tragic fate of a Polish refugee in America.

Finally, there is the literature for children. Difficulties in getting such scripts published seem almost insurmountable for exiled writers, but there is some new work going on in this field. Alex Wedding, for example, has just completed a little book, *The Cats on the Hudson Pier*. It tells a story about "refugee cats" left behind by the boats which are now slipping out of the harbor during the night. But the narrative is not a simple "animal story" or a "refugee yarn"—it is a book about the war, told to children in appropriate language but centering about the problems of the anti-fascist war.

O. T. RING.

Post-Mortem

THE LOST PEACE, *by Harold Butler. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.*

ON THE long, gloomy shelf of books about how the peace was lost, this particular volume makes its own place. It is a memoir in a mellow vein, a contrast of personal recollections and objective testimony from the former dictator of the International Labor Office, now the British Minister to Washington. Butler is clearly a liberal, but one with a real measure of guts. He ranges many sides of the question of what happened to France, Germany, the League, the central and east European states, but never to the point where his conclusions cancel themselves out. He is proud of the fact that he traveled widely and almost continuously throughout Europe and South America; he is quite caustic with those unnamed British diplomats who disdained interest in the common man's problem, stuck to the coterie diplomacy after the fashion of the Edwardian era, and were content to say, as did Chamberlain of the Czechoslovaks, that they were a "faraway people of whom we know nothing." Butler is not of that kind, and for all his critique of other nations, he is not blind to the failure of his own.

His two chief chapters, on France and Germany, spare neither the left nor the right. They are chapters which range not only through politics, but cover broad areas such as the cultural, historical, and psychological roots of French debacle and the Nazi success. He is bitter about the venality of the French press and Parliament. He finds the left was spineless; the struggle of the Spanish republic, he says, should have been seen as an issue of France's national defense, just as it should have been an issue for Britain of who would control the western Mediterranean, instead of a matter of ideological sympathy for the fascists. He finds the Right in France was never really reconciled to the Grand Revolution, to the sovereignty of the republic, was ready to sacrifice the nation to property. In so far as Mr. Butler arrives at a conclusion, it is that "despair and defeatism percolated from the top downwards, not from the mass upwards." And he thinks the regeneration of France will come by the reverse process.

His treatment of Germany is sweeping; references to the inherent Prussianism, the love of uniform, the gullibility, and servility to imperialism are applied rather indiscriminately to the whole German people. Here and there, however, his meaning clarifies: he is caustic about the failure of Weimar, for "It was characteristic of the German 'revolution' that it failed to alter the structure of the state, without which it could not be a revolution at all." This pusillanimity of German democracy he traces to deeper roots, the fact that the Germans did not have "a Hampden or a Cromwell, a Robespierre or a Lenin," in other words, a thorough-going democratic revolution. He agrees with Heine that *"Man muss die Deutschen von innern befreien, von aussen hilfts nichts,"* and thus feels that the German people itself must overcome the shortcomings of its history, at "whatever the price in blood or tears."

There is little in the volume on the Soviet Union, except a definite declaration that the danger to European security came not from Russia but from Germany, all opinions to the contrary usually being Nazi propaganda. It is worth noting also that Butler believes "in the light of what we now know of German fifth column activities . . . there is no reason why the evidence furnished by the Moscow trial of 1937 should not be genuine."

As for the future, his proposals are tentative and reserved. He does not believe in abstract projects for European or world-wide federation. Reconstruction will start where the war leaves off. Economic and social issues will determine political settlements. He expects an upsurge of nationalism, but wishes this to dovetail with real collective security, and he wants the cooperation of Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union to form the basis of postwar rehabilitation. In an earlier chapter, however, he recognizes the necessity of a thorough-going revolution in central Europe that does not seem to bulk so large in his last passage. But the problem is stated well: the necessity of finding some "new formula which would reconcile . . . national autonomy with the material fact that the world could no longer be divided into self-dependent spheres. . . ."

Much of the humility of this book is of course a matter of hindsight; it is well to remember that the mistakes of the past will not be repeated in the present and the future just because they are so well understood in looking backward. But there is a sturdy attitude here that goes far toward understanding the reali- of our world, one with which people who ht go further than Butler, will nonethe- cooperate.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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HEROES ARE HUMAN BEINGS

Joy Davidman takes the measure of three new films covering the war from the Pacific to the Eastern Front. Characterization versus stale formula.

THE new Soviet movie, *In the Rear of the Enemy,* is a symbol as well as a film. It happens to be a rather tremendous film; but it is still more tremendous as a statement of the brotherhood of peoples. For *In the Rear of the Enemy* is the first Soviet film with English dialogue. Made in the Soviet Union, it was taken to London, where the voices of English actors were carefully synchronized with the moving lips of Russian actors. When the Red Army men come into their barracks, open packages from home, and write letters to their wives, their slang and jokes are English slang and jokes, their words of courage and love are the same words many of us have found in our letters. And their anti-fascist intensity is a whip to sting us to action.

There is a slight strangeness at first, for an American audience, in hearing the Russians speak with a variety of English accents; yet so perfectly has the English text been phrased and matched to the original that in a moment the strangeness vanishes, and it seems as natural to hear English from Russian fighters in the Arctic as from American fighters in the tropics. The absorbing interest of the film itself catches us up. It is an action film, without being a melodrama.

In direct and restrained fashion, it narrates the adventures of a Soviet patrol of three men, trapped behind enemy lines. They have been sent to repair a broken telephone wire to an observation post. They are all very young; one a mere boy, alternately impetuous and nervous. They are all, without making any fuss about it, heroes. One breaks through the encircling fascists to mend the wire so that headquarters can be warned of an enemy concentration. He is stalked and shot by an enemy in a terrifying chase on skis through a ghostly white forest, for which the composer Blok has written one of the most dramatic pieces of film music in my experience. He finishes off the enemy in a hand-to-hand struggle, and with his last strength drags himself to the wire and splices it with frozen fingers.

The second, the inexperienced boy, finds his unconscious comrade and crawls through the snow for miles with the other on his back, till safety is reached. And the third, Red Army soldier Boikov, sticks to his field telephone in an attic, shoots down the Nazis who attempt to climb up to him, and calmly informs headquarters of the exact location of the enemy battery in the middle of which he is sitting—directing the Soviet guns which blast the world out from under him.

These are not dreamed-up movie exploits; they are the deeds of thousands of Red Army men, they happen every day. Told with sobriety, without lofty speeches or deliberate appeals to sentiment, they have the impact of reality. The characterization of the three heroes is managed by brilliant camera work and subtle acting, with an economy of words which is a desideratum in most Hollywood films. Essentially, the difference between Soviet and Hollywood film characterization is a difference of motive. The Russian actor, like all genuine artists, tries to tell you something about human beings.

In the Rear of the Enemy tells you a great deal about them—how they fight fascism, and how we ought to be fighting it. Compared to that tremendous theme, a discussion of the film's technique seems almost irrelevant. Yet *In the Rear of the Enemy* is something of a technical marvel. Its extraordinary unity and speed give it the swift impact of a great short story; beginning with a remarkable use of double exposures to suggest a vast Northern battleground, it continually increases in intensity until the magnificent climax of a Red Army advance is reached. The photography is extraordinarily distinguished; its shots of men crawling on their bellies in the snow make you feel that you have never really seen, felt, tasted snow before.

THIS week has produced two Hollywood films with much the same theme as *In the Rear of the Enemy—Desperate Journey* and *Manila Calling*. The latter, having the advantage of being a quickie, is rather a nice piece of work; an unglamourized but capable cast, headed by Lloyd Nolan and James Gleason, have been given a genuinely effective story of guerrilla warfare. A troop of radio men, civilians, are trapped deep in the Philippines by the Japanese; they seize a mesa with a broadcasting station, and in spite of hell and high water put anti-Japanese broadcasts on the air. This has the makings of great stuff, and there is power in the grim resolution of the men, in their reactions to Japanese atrocities, in the magnificently stated brotherhood between the Americans and their Filipino aides, in the detection and punishment of a fifth columnist, in a hundred other details. Martin Kosleck is especially good as a German refugee who loses his courage and finds it again. Intelligent direction provides restraint, as in the deathbed scene in which the moment of death is not shown directly but through its reflection in the face of a watching friend.

Yet the film is marred profoundly by adherence to Hollywood formula. The guerrilla fighters are "humanized" not from within but by superficial mannerisms—one is a stage Irishman, another is conspicuous only for a pet monkey, a third attempts to dance the rumba on all possible occasions—but what they are really like as people emerges only rarely. Still worse, *Manila Calling* suffers from what can only be called irresponsibility. Its heroes are in the jungle by accident, they seize the mesa on impulse, without knowing what particular use they can make of it, they determine upon the suicidal venture of broadcasting without any chance of staying on the air for more than a few hours and without knowing exactly what they want to broadcast. This planlessness and pointlessness are the result not only of sloppy film-making, but also of sloppy thinking—the sort of thinking which continues to delay the second front. And therefore, when the film's hero continues to broadcast while bombs fall about him, he is merely making a grandiose gesture, without the justification which kept Boikov at his telephone.

Moreover, there is the inevitable girl. She pops out of the jungle, like a rabbit out of a second-rate conjurer's hat, with a complete assortment of light summer dresses. She gives rise to much love and soul-searching between the bombs. All very pointless.

There is much the same girl in *Desperate Journey,* of course, but she doesn't spoil the film; it would be a work of supererogation. The makers of this Errol Flynn silly symphony appear to have reasoned thus: Aviators trapped five miles behind enemy lines are exciting. Therefore aviators trapped 500 miles behind are 100 times as exciting. Errol Flynn outwitting a Gestapoman is dramatic. Errol Flynn outwitting twenty Gestapomen twenty times is. . . . It's lucky they couldn't scrape up twenty Errol Flynns.

There's too much of him as it is. He goes

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careening through the countryside in stolen Nazi vehicles, again and again; he slugs Nazis with both hands; he escapes over the rooftops, leaping like Tarzan; he gives Raymond Massey a lovely chance to look and sound villainous, in German. He gives me indigestion. Someone ought to tell Warner Brothers that we are not playing cops and robbers.

THE basic idea of *Tales of Manhattan* is, or was, a good one. There is certainly a place for a film consisting of a series of separate dramatic episodes, unified by a central theme, giving cross-sections of American life. *Carnet de Bal,* the pre-Vichy French film, achieved a masterpiece in this form. So there was nothing wrong with the idea of piling up leading American actors, culminating with Robeson, and getting the Julien Duvivier who directed *Carnet de Bal* to do an American equivalent.

Having had the idea, alas, the producers deliberately slaughtered it. The unifying basic theme of *This Is the Enemy* was the nature of fascist aggression, as big a theme as you can get; that of *Carnet de Bal* was a woman's search for the meaning of life, which is also no small subject. The unifying central thread of *Tales of Manhattan*—it cannot be called a theme—was about the silliest and most pointless that can be imagined. It was the history of a tailcoat.

Obviously there are not many significant human activities which we ordinarily carry on in tailcoats. In the hands of Ben Hecht, the early episodes of the film therefore became tricks of cheap ingenuity, doomed attempts to make the subject more valuable than it could ever be. An unconvincing piece of melodrama wasted Thomas Mitchell and Charles Boyer; a still more unconvincing hunk of farce overwhelmed Henry Fonda and Ginger Rogers. The third episode, being the struggle of an obscure and poverty-stricken composer, might have been more worth while; instead it asked us to believe that a Carnegie Hall audience would laugh in a loud and lunatic manner for ten minutes because a conductor ripped his coat. This episode, incidentally, afforded Charles Laughton an opportunity for unrestrained hamming and Victor Francen an opportunity for some really beautiful acting.

The fourth episode—the tailcoat having by now deserted Park Avenue circles—gave some promise, largely owing to Edward G. Robinson's admirable performance as a Bowery bum struggling for rehabilitation; but this was again ruined by a silly happy ending. The fifth was little more than transition.

The sixth, the Negro episode starring Robeson, has occasioned some rather unnecessary controversy. Certainly it was the most serious and dignified part of the film, so different in tone that it might as well be treated as a separate picture. Its Negroes were essentially admirable characters, in contrast to the whites who preceded them. Having had a windfall of $40,000, they did not hide it, did not rob and cheat and shoot each other for it. Instead they made a community chest out of it, proposing to buy the land and the implements to work it, to establish a farm, to give each man according to his need.

Here at last is a genuine theme; and few film speeches have been more moving than the one in which Robeson speaks of buying the land. In the face of this fact, criticism of the film as outstandingly anti-Negro becomes absurd. Far more vicious movies, the *Gone with the Winds* and *So Red the Roses,* have been put over on us with less discussion; the forthcoming *Tennessee Johnson* bids fair to be such a slander of the Negro, the Union, and the Reconstruction period as we have not seen since *Birth of a Nation.* The final episode of *Tales of Manhattan* is distinguished from these by quite genuine good intentions.

The trouble with it is its ineptitude; it wants to do right by the Negro, but doesn't know how. The Hollywood cliche of the Negro as clown has been with us too long a time, and, like all people who use cliches to save the trouble of thinking, the Hollywood producers have come to believe in their own creation. Many of them are constitutionally incapable of seeing the Negro as anything but uneducated, superstitious, yet happy-go-lucky. Thus it comes about that while the Negroes of *Tales of Manhattan* are voicing the ideas of sober and responsible adults, they are simultaneously cavorting like . . . like cafe society.

There is no malice in *Tales of Manhattan,* however; and it must be remembered that to some Hollywood minds all people—women, Irish, Italians, small-town people, farm people, Bronx and Brooklyn people, all people including the Scandinavian—are clowns. Those who think so are, of course, the clowns of Hollywood, and *Tales of Manhattan* (except for the genuine moments in its final section) is a clown act. Had it not drawn a good deal of accidental attention, it need never have been discussed at this length.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Skin Deep

Slick burlesque comes to town again. Joey Faye—minor genius.

RUSSELL CROUSE and Howard Lindsay, who were responsible for the stage adaptation of *Life With Father* and the production of *Arsenic and Old Lace,* have another hit on their hands, *Strip for Action*—product of their mutual typewriter.

It is a slick product, and a slick commercial production, and it is recommended if you have a taste for rowdy amusement that is loud and raucous; if you like burlesque. For the play, if you want to call it that, revolves about the determination of a burlesque troupe to give a performance for the soldiers at a cantonment in Maryland. Nutsy Davis, one of the soldiers, is an old burlesque comic; he was the boy responsible for inviting the troupe. Complications begin at this point, for the army doesn't exactly approve of the usual burlesque fare—with its bawdy humor and wide displays of female epidermis.

The plot doesn't matter very much. How little it matters may be judged by the fact that it involves such an impossible activity as wangling permission for the show from the Chief-of-Staff himself; also by the fact that the plot is conveniently forgotten at moments and we are given long stretches of the show itself. As burlesque *Strip for Action* is somewhat watered down for the carriage trade—which is understandable, if slightly disappointing to those who love the animal humor of the medium. As comedy, the thing is generally kept bubbling through the violent efforts of such highly competent people as Keenan Wynn (son of Ed), Joey Faye (of the burlesque wheel), Eleanor Lynn, and an apparently enormous cast of soldiers and burlesque girls, straight-men and dance directors, stagehands and officers.

The entire performance is keyed at High C; sometimes it sounds like a boiler factory. Bretaigne Windust, who directed, has handled this enormous group with great skill, and the authors have kidded burlesque, the Army's regulations and everything in sight to a fare-theewell. Nevertheless there is a wholesome reverence for the Army manifest throughout, in the handling of second class privates and four-star generals, in an implicit understanding that nothing it too good for the boys who fight our battles.

Much of the old burlesque routine has been incorporated verbatim—with a mere shading of satire to point up the unconsciously comic nature of the medium. The old gags are pulled; the ancient blackout sketch is played with a new twist; the shouting, double-talking comic drives the straight-man to distraction, the stripper (almost) strips, and the backstage rivalries and neurotic struggles are projected realistically.

Into this noisy business steps Eleanor Lynn, the daughter of a strip-teaser, who is fighting her late mother's determination to send her to Vassar, and wants nothing more than the pleasure of stripping for the boys. This is an impossible role for anyone, let alone Miss Lynn, who has been an accomplished dramatic actress (remember *Rocket to the Moon*?), and she is forced to fight and brawl her way as a bitter-sweet ingenue through a madhouse of maniacs. This is no small accomplishment.

For anyone who wants to split a stitch or two, the antics of Joey Faye are highly recommended. If you don't think double-talk can be funny, watch and listen to Faye, who is by way of being a minor genius. Keenan Wynn aids and abets Faye's insanity, and the general proceedings are considerably enlivened by Owen Martin as a top sergeant trying hard to be tough; Billy Koud (a real burlesque dance director) as a burlesque dance director; a young lady amazingly named Boo La Von, as the "talking woman" of the troupe; Murray Leonard as a straight-man; Jean Carter, strip teaser from burlesque playing herself.

Strip for Action will not set the world afire, but it will give you some of the heartiest laughs you've ever had in the theater. Which is something.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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